Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

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Prisoners of Mussolini

BY FRANCESCO FAUSTO NITTI

A fugitive from the Fascist penal islands describes his experience of arrest and exile without trial

MY ARREST by the Roman police took place during the saddest period of Italian political life. On November 26, 1926, *The Official Gazette* published the so-called "Exceptional Laws for the Defense of the Nation." By these laws, the Fascist State made itself absolute arbiter of the liberty of all citizens.

One of these laws created the special tribunal, an exclusively Fascist organ composed of members of the Fascist militia. Against this tribunal there exists no appeal. Its sentences are executed immediately upon issuance. In addition to the death penalty, the tribunal is empowered to impose prison sentences from a few months to a life term. Another of these laws provided for the deportation to the penal islands of those who might be denounced as enemies of the Fascist régime.

Immediately following their publication, these laws were applied in the broadest manner throughout Italy. While hundreds of citizens were arrested and arraigned before the special tribunal, thousands were seized for deportation. Between November 30 and December 10, in Rome alone, about 3,000 persons were arrested. Proportionate arrests were made throughout the kingdom.

ON THE morning of December 2, as I was about to leave for my work in the Banco Commerciale Triestina, three police agents in plain clothes burst into my room in my Rome residence. They stated that the Police Commissioner of the District wished to see me and to obtain from me certain information. Although it seemed odd to me that three such robust messengers were needed to carry such a simple message, I naturally left with my escort for the police office.

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I was placed in a room by myself, and left to wait. Nothing happened until 10:30, when an assistant commissioner entered the room and, without offering any explanation, told me that I should have to go to prison.

"To prison!" I exclaimed. "And for what reason? Of what crime am I accused? May I see the warrant issued by the magistrate?"

The assistant commissioner merely smiled.

"It is not essential that you should have committed a crime," he said. "Nor is it necessary that some magistrate should issue a warrant. Your imprisonment is an administrative measure."

I realized then that I was destined for the penal islands. I felt that individual liberty, the most sacred possession of civilized peoples, had become an absolute nullity, completely at the disposition of an arbitrary and omnipotent police.

ABOUT 11 o'clock, I passed through the portals of the Regina Cœli, the Queen of the Heavens, the largest prison in Rome. I found the main building crowded with prisoners. In the corridors flowed a constant stream of police officers, prison guards, and functionaries. The door behind me had just closed when it was opened again to admit another political prisoner. So it continued.

There was a continuous roar of voices—calls for prisoners, examination of prisoners, with voices raised above the tumult, and so on. After a few minutes, I was placed in a provisional cell, which I found crowded with political prisoners, among them six or seven lawyers. There were also journalists, students and workers. All had been arrested during the early hours of the morning, just as I had been, some of them before daylight. Weeping women and children saw their loved ones led away to an unknown fate.

An hour after my arrival, we all were herded into an examination room. There we were stripped naked, and all our articles of clothing, even to underwear, shoes and socks, were painstakingly searched. Our suspenders and even our shoe-laces were taken from us. Our money, papers, and other personal belongings were sequestrated. We all were registered in the records of the prison, and assigned to cells.

THE Regina Cœli is immense. It is divided into many sections which radiate like the spokes of a wheel from the central hub. Each spoke is called an arm. The cells are narrow and low and shut off from air and light.

The prison already was hopelessly overcrowded. In addition to the ordinary prisoners, there were thousands of political inmates. In certain cells, designed to hold a maximum of four persons, were pressed a dozen, or even fifteen.

I was placed in a cell in the Seventh Arm. It was empty, at which I marvelled, for I had seen that the others were jammed. Later, I learned the reason for this exceptional treatment — superior authority had directed that I was to be alone, solitary. Two days afterward, when I asked to be placed with another in order to escape the unhappiness of solitude, I was informed that orders from above prevented this. Evi-

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dently, I was considered more dangerous than the others.

After I had been alone in that cell for twelve days, two companions were given to me. They were not political prisoners, but two youths arrested for infamous crimes. I began then to realize that no distinction was being made between political prisoners and ordinary criminals.

My days in that cell were indeed sad ones, for I knew what awaited me. Nobody thought to give me any reasons why I had been deprived of my liberty. I was already merely a number, and all I could do was to wait for the established authority to determine what would be my fate.

The days were unvarying and monotonous. We left our cells every morning for a brief period of forty-five minutes. We were conducted into a courtyard surrounded by high walls in which we were allowed to walk. Although each period was so short, I waited with the greatest anxiety each opportunity to get out into the light and air.

IN MY cell, both air and light were extremely scarce. As a refinement of cruelty, the window was barred not only with heavy iron rods and glass, but also with a thick wire netting containing merely the smallest openings. In addition, there were outside heavy wooden shutters so arranged as to shut off completely any glimpse of the world beyond, even the sky. Only by dint of great effort and by clambering upon the parapet of the window could I catch a glimpse of the sky of Rome and the crest of Gianicolo Hill, thus seeming to reattach myself to life.

On the thirteenth day of my imprisonment, I was summoned to an office on the ground floor. There I found a man, dressed entirely in black, who identified himself as a functionary of the police. After asking me my name, he handed me a typewritten sheet of paper signed with five names of persons I did not know. It was an order from the Provincial Commission of Rome for my deportation. In the finding it was stated that, as I had been denounced for an adversary of the régime in all its activities, I was to be sentenced to deportation for a period of five years to a place to be designated. The finding added that I had "deliberately expressed the proposal of overthrowing by violence the institutions of the State." There was no statement of the proof sustaining this charge, nor were there any specifications as to time and place of my making the proposal "deliberately expressed.'

I ASKED the police functionary for some explanation. His only reply was to shrug his shoulders and say that his duty was to inform me of my condemnation and to advise me of my right to appeal within ten days to the Central Commission at the Ministry of Interior. I protested vigorously against being condemned without hearing by a commission of which I knew nothing.

"Enough! Enough!" exclaimed the man in black. "What has been done has been well done. All that is asked of you is that you take cognizance of it. Nothing else is necessary. After all, there are an infinite number of men in your very position. If we had to listen to all their complaints— "

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With a wave of his arm, the man in black showed me out of the office.

The guards who had brought me escorted me back toward my cell. In the corridors, I encountered long lines of political prisoners who, like me, were going to receive the same paper of condemnation. I encountered many friends and acquaintances with whom I exchanged a nod, a smile, or merely a look. I noted two members of the National Chamber of Deputies, arrested fifteen days earlier despite their parliamentary immunity.

I saw also Professor Filipperi, a veteran educator and patriotic Democrat. His father had been an intimate friend and collaborator of Giuseppe Mazzini, and he had followed in the footsteps of his father, dedicating his life to the education of the people. Although old and ill, he also lay in a cell among common criminals.

As soon as I was again in my narrow prison, I examined more closely, by the feeble light, the paper which had been handed me by the man in black. I saw that it carried the signatures of a prosecuting attorney, of the chief of police of Rome, of a Colonel of the Fascist Militia, and of a Secretary of the Fascist Party. These were the only arbiters of the life and destiny of honorable citizens.

On the following morning, during my short sojourn in the courtyard, I was able to communicate surreptitiously to some of my companions the nature of my fate. I learned definitely that they had received similar sheets of paper constituting their sentences. All those with whom I was able to communicate had, like myself, been condemned to deportation for five years, the maximum period provided by the Exceptional Laws. But none of us knew where we were to be sent.

On the afternoon of December 16 I was informed that I should leave on the following day for the island of Lampedusa to serve my sentence. I recalled only vaguely the name of this island, a real desert rock situated southwest of Sicily near Cape Bon, in Africa. I asked myself what would be my life for five years relegated to such a place. It would be like abandoning the world of men.

On the night of December 17–18 I was awakened between eleven o'clock and midnight. The guards ordered me to leave my cell, taking all my things with me. We passed through long corridors, dimly lighted, until we reached a large hall filled with people. In the poor light I saw about sixty prisoners massed against one wall and surrounded by many Carabinieri, commanded by an officer. A wooden box lay open on the ground under a lamp. It was full of iron chains.

The officer in command began calling off the names of the prisoners. As each prisoner answered to his name, the Carabinieri seized him and placed him in chains. I could only stand by and watch this sad and humiliating operation as I waited for my turn to come.

The wrists of each prisoner first were enclosed in a heavy pair of iron bracelets called *schiavettoni*, which were shut by means of a large screw-bolt. Another and naturally larger iron band was fastened about the prisoner's waist, and to this was affixed a chain taken from the wooden

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box. The prisoners then were bound together by these chains in groups of from five to six. There were old and venerable men, members of the professions, Deputies from the Chamber, young students, and stalwart workmen, all bound together.

MY NAME was called. "Present!" I answered. I was chained between Alfredo Morea, a Member of Parliament, and Giuseppe Bruno, a lawyer. Soon afterward we moved off, to the lugubrious clank of the chains and the noise of the guns of our guards striking against the stone pavement, punctuated by crisp commands. We went out into the night.

Outside the prison walls waited large lorries surrounded by officers and men of the Fascist Militia. These we entered, dragging our chains with us. It was about two o'clock in the morning. We moved through a silent, seemingly deserted city. At street corners stood small groups of police and Fascist Militia.

At the railroad station, after a brief delay, we were loaded aboard a train. There were about sixty of us, the first deportees to the islands. Hundreds of others were to follow in our footsteps.

The train which was to take us to Naples was made up of four prison cars into which the majority of us were crowded. These prison cars were the most horrible things the human imagination can conceive. A corridor divided each car into two sections, and each section contained a series of tiny cells, veritable holes, into which a man could barely enter. The walls and ceiling were of steel, so that in winter the cells were real ice-houses and in summer real furnaces.

Each prisoner must remain in his hole for the entire journey, securely handcuffed and seated on a wooden bench. He cannot drink, eat, or rest. The train travels very slowly, sometimes consuming days in covering a distance for which a passenger train requires only a few hours. The prisoner longs for the prison which is his destination. There, at least, his handcuffs are removed and he can stretch himself.

On this trip to Naples, fortune favored me, in that all the cells were taken by my miserable companions who reached the train ahead of me. A few others and myself were placed in a third-class car, dirty and antiquated, but, compared to the quarters of our fellows, a veritable parlor car. The Carabinieri sat beside us, and we remained in our chains for the whole journey to Naples.

AS THE train proceeded, I questioned my immediate companion, Deputy Morea, on the circumstances of his arrest. He was a youthful and courageous chap. He fought in the war when only twenty years of age as an officer of the Grenadiers. He was decorated three times, and also gravely wounded. After the war, he entered politics, and was elected Deputy from the Provinces of Marchigiane, one of the youngest members of Parliament. He was particularly hated by the Fascists because of the part he had played in winning an important legal victory over Deputy Balbo, now Minister of Aviation in the Mussolini Cabinet.

"I was stopping in the hotel in Rome at which I always stay when Parliament is in session," said Morea, telling of his arrest. "One morn-

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ing toward the end of November some officers called on me in the name of the chief of police, and ordered me to accompany them. To my astonishment they declared me under arrest. I protested that, as a Deputy, I was immune, but they replied that my immunity did not matter.

"'In a little while,' one of them remarked, 'no Deputy who is not a Fascist will be a Deputy at all. The Fascist Chamber will oust them.'

"They conducted me to prison. Twenty-nine of my colleagues in the Chamber have suffered the same fate, and are being sent to the islands. Many others escaped secretly across the frontier. You know that a few hours after my arrest the Fascist Chamber approved the ousting of all Opposition Deputies, nearly 200 in number."

I thought of those fortunate persons who had been able to escape. My own uncle, Francesco Nitti, many times a Minister and also Premier of Italy, had been forced into exile after having been made a public target for Fascist vengeance.

AFTER a wearying and saddening trip, we arrived in Naples, and were transported to the Carmine Prison. There we were placed in filthy cells. That evening, again burdened with our chains, we were conducted to the waterfront, and embarked on a small ship, the *Argentina*, which transported us to Palermo, in Sicily. We were forced to descend to the very bowels of the ship, away below all the accommodations for passengers. There, amidst the deafening noise of machinery and the nauseating stench of paints and oils, we passed an awful night, prostrate on the wooden flooring.

Of course, there were many who were sea-sick, but there were others, too, more seriously ill, who were treated roughly like the rest of us. I recall particularly a consumptive, Torcolacci, an unfortunate flower-seller from Rome. Having passed a long period in prison, his illness had been aggravated. He had been arrested and deported after a denouncement by unknown enemies. I doubt that he had ever been interested in politics at all, but here he was, chained in with the rest of us and suffering horribly.

WE REACHED Palermo the following morning about eight o'clock, and were taken immediately to the prison. There, we were jammed into various stinking, crowded cells. I was placed in a cell already filled by twenty or thirty prisoners belonging to the Mafia, or Black Hand, the widely known Sicilian society which the Mussolini Government is said to have destroyed. Signor Mussolini himself has said that 12,500 members of this society were arrested in Sicily, and there must have been even more. When we passed through Sicily, the prisons were crammed with these unfortunates. Later, I got to know youths of eighteen and nineteen years who said they were accused of crimes committed before they were born.

The treatment of the prisoners in the prison of Palermo was terrible. The guards were brutal, and absolute arbiters of the lives of those assigned to them. The food was beyond imagination. I recall that for two days were brought to us ladles of

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putrid macaroni, cooked in water and mixed with boiled worms. By paying outrageous amounts, we were able to obtain dried figs and onions. We slept on the floor on mattresses stuffed with wood-shavings, two of us on each mattress. For three days we lived here among the *Maffiosi*.

We then left Palermo by train for Girgenti, on the opposite side of Sicily and facing the African coast. The prison there stands on a high hill overlooking the city. Still chained and carrying such personal belongings as were left us, we were forced to climb this hill. It was a tremendous effort and a painful one. We were held in this prison for seven days. I was among twenty of my companions in a cell designed for seven persons. One tiny window supplied all our light and air — by four o'clock in the afternoon it was night for us. Stretched on sacks of straw through which penetrated the dampness of the stone floor, we sought for the sleep which would liberate us from our misery. We asked repeatedly that we be sent on to the island that awaited us, for there we expected the opportunity to breathe fresh air.

In the prison of Girgenti, each of us saw in his neighbor a picture of himself — a long, unkempt beard, a drawn face, eyes tired and red. We lacked even sufficient water for washing, which was done in turn. We were reduced to a pitiful condition.

At last, we were allowed to leave for our island prison. Chained again and with our wrists bound in the iron *schiavettoni*, we descended the steep hill which we had climbed so painfully seven days before. Now, there were more of us. Some ordinary felons, also sentenced to deportation to Lampedusa, were chained in with us. At Empedocle, the port of Girgenti, we were placed aboard the small steamer *Ustica*, named after one of the islands on which *déportés* are held prisoners.

We sailed at sunset. The night was one of terror. The sea appeared to rush upon us from all sides, determined to destroy us. Piled together in the bowels of the ship, one upon another, with wrists chained, we listened to the deafening crash of the waves against the feeble sides of our boat. Nobody could shut an eye. We suffered from want of sleep, from thirst and general weariness, and felt a kind of morbid longing for the island which awaited us on the morrow — Lampedusa, our prison.

NEXT month a concluding chapter describes Signor Nitti's life on the penal island and his escape therefrom. In his book, to be published shortly by G. P. Putnam's Sons, Signor Nitti tells the full story of his experiences, including dramatic events too numerous to mention in this brief magazine form.

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This Débutante "Business"

By Alida K. L. Milliken

Is New York's social life commercialized and are its young people exploited—to the detriment of their manners and ideals?

THINGS *are in the Saddle* was the title of a recent magazine article which gave all thoughtful readers much ground for concern. Its main thesis, irrefutably stated, was that the United States is suffering from overproduction, therefore the manufacturer must in some way induce the consumer to absorb more than he wants or needs. In a word, the consumer is exploited to increase the profits of the producer.

Why do hordes of us send copious Christmas cards to hundreds of our acquaintances, to our "calling list?" Because we have more of the Christmas spirit than formerly? No — because some engraving interests thought the custom "good business."

Why do we have Father's Day and Mother's Day? Because necktie manufacturers, florists and telegraph companies think it a clever device. Another most notorious exploitation is carried on by undertakers. It is only necessary to remember what was done after the war, when for the sake of the undertakers' pockets, thousands of bodies were brought back from France at great expense; and to think of the elaborate and senseless funerals of the poor, to realize this.

The American public, because it does possess a Christmas spirit, does love father and mother, does respect its dead, is subtly persuaded it can only express those feelings by *buying*.

In each case cited, emotion is the article exploited.

What has this to do with the débutante?

On all sides we hear hysterical criticism of the young people of the so-called privileged class — their lack of promptness, their shocking discourtesy, their habit of "crashing" parties, their drinking at social functions, their feeling that a night is lost if they go to bed before six o'clock in the morning. In large part all this criticism is warranted.

BUT what has brought about these habits which subject our youth to criticism? I can not say too emphatically that the evils complained of are in no way the fault of the young people. I have heard the charge made that the shortcomings of our youth are due to the fact that their parents are lazy. So we are and

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worse than that we are unthinking and cowardly. We are the victims of sheep psychology and again are so exploited that we unwittingly satisfy our social ambition — a perfectly worthy sentiment — coupled with affection for our children, only, and here is the point, by buying, buying. Buying is getting to be the one absorbing passion with us all, as the manufacturer desires.

The process of exploitation begins when our children are scarcely more than seven or eight years old. Professional party entertainers, marionette producers, magicians, seek the opportunity to entertain our children, for pay of course; hotel managers urge that we do not permit our homes to be upset by children's parties, but use their parlors instead. A long train of persons eager to take over the entertainment of our young besiege us. So that we finally succumb, consoling ourselves with the thought that undoubtedly we can buy a better party, if a standardized one, than the home-made one we had originally planned. As a result, not only is confidence in ourselves weakened, but there is eventually a reaction on the part of the children. I recall the pathetic remark of one of my own children at the age of eight: "I don't want to go to any more parties, because we always have the same magic man."

As the children grow, the pressure increases. We are offered dancing lessons, a legitimate and proper commodity that we should buy, part of a social education; but it does not stop there. The dancing school teachers exploit us. They organize subscription dances. For the good of our children? Again the answer is in the negative. They do it for their own financial profit, and small blame to them if we, as consumers, "fall" for it — as we do because we are cleverly baited by the pretended exclusiveness of these parties. What is the result? Mothers who want to entertain, in their own homes, in a normal way, discover to their chagrin that they can't because these subscription dances have filled in every available date and there is no free night left for the entertainment they are planning. I recall one mother who did not fall into the exploiter's trap, but instead went ahead with her arrangements for a dance in her own home, whereupon she was waited upon by the organizer of a subscription dance. She begged her to change her date (with the invitations all out!) because the date conflicted with one of the organizer's subscription dances scheduled at a public place, and the conflict of dates would jeopardize the organizer's "gate receipts." It is a typical illustration of the exploitation to which our young people are subjected.

We come next to the Débutante Age. Remember that up to this stage all which our sons and daughters have experienced is through the buying for them, by their parents, of subscription entertainment with no spontaneous giving and receiving of hospitality anywhere in evidence. This buying, of course, is sometimes veiled by the lesser evil of "getting in" to the desired series of dances. Some of these have their place in the scheme of things, if they are complementary

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to a normal social career, but not if they are multiplied, as they are, by commercial organizers.

It is at this age that the "social secretary" appears. Far be it from my purpose to say that in this huge city, with all its complications and ramifications, the social secretary is not a necessary and helpful adjunct. She entered into the scheme of things to look after the details of those perfectly legitimate series of dances initiated in the past by social matrons, anxious to carry on traditions. But now she has her wares to sell, and of course, with our training in buying what is offered, the mother buys. The secretary sells to her clientèle influence in "getting in" to parties, both subscription and private.

As an aside, let me point to a flagrant example of the manner in which our débutantes are exploited. A while ago mothers of standing were pestered with invitations to become patronesses — a magic phrase! — of a certain Débutante Ball. Preliminary notices of this event appeared in the social columns of the metropolitan press. Tickets could be obtained from a Mrs. X—— unknown to every one. Lists of patronesses and their social activities were made much of. One can sense the agonies of those not included, as they rushed to accept the invitations which they had inadvertently neglected. How could they have known that the names were cold-bloodedly printed for effect without the consent of their owners? The lists rapidly swelled. Mrs. X—— is a clever woman, and who shall blame her for capitalizing the frantic desire of us consumer-mothers to have ourselves and our daughters appear in the limelight, and thus "pull off" a party, at our expense, which was wholly a commercial enterprise of her own?

Rapidly, and with certainty, parents and young people have learned their lesson. They have been taught that they must buy to get, not to make or give, with the result that social life in New York is commercialized instead of being civilized. The mother and her daughters and sons strive to be conspicuous, not to be distinguished. Most of the entertaining is done in public places. The fact is a calamity, since personal hospitality is lost, the individual touch is missing, and all entertainment, bought and paid for, is of a like pattern, standardized. The small, intimate group which formerly gathered in the home, becomes a mob in the public place of entertainment. Dinners and dances nowadays are large and promiscuous in their lists, and are based upon the American idea of being "bigger and (therefore) better." Boys and girls are swamped with invitations from people of whom they have never heard, their names merely happening to be on the lists sold by the social secretaries. If they are in college or any occupation it is well-nigh impossible to answer these invitations promptly, if at all; and why, when we think of it, should they commit themselves eight and ten weeks in advance?

Hostesses become careless in demanding the courtesy of promptness from their guests. Since they are entertaining in public places, no inconvenience to cooks or others involved in service is of con-

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cern to them. Because of the tardiness of guests, dinners are not begun until an hour or more after the appointed time; and guests, to avoid tedious waiting, arrive later and later; dances following these dinners begin later and later, and are prolonged later and later. It had come to such a pass lately that no party was judged "good" unless it dragged on until five or six o'clock in the morning. The more people who "got in" to a party, the greater success it was. Hostesses boasted that they ordered only 1,000 suppers and paid for 1,500 — so popular was their dance. Invited guests and social secretaries procured invitations for the uninvited.

Isn't "crashing" a logical result of these conditions? Hasn't the desire for a "good party" encouraged it? Social secretaries try to "sell" invitations even to private houses, where limited space demands a limited list, and so calling the hostess on the telephone to ask if certain of their clients have not been "overlooked."

Another result of such a system is that, if a dance continues till six in the morning, boys can not endure it with a semblance of pleasure without alcoholic stimulant. I, for one, with no reference to the prohibition law, say they are justified. Girls are intoxicated by the dancing and music. Not so the stag line, which dances only a third or less of the time. For this and other reasons, hostesses are urged to serve cocktails and champagne. Social secretaries tell timid hostesses that their guests will not enjoy themselves without alcoholic stimulants. "Everybody does it," is the argument. And again, the hostess must buy success with a large bootlegger's bill. It is all an insult to youth. I know from conversations I have had in the last few years with boys and girls that they don't want elaborate parties, don't want late parties and don't want liquor. "In the fell clutch of circumstance" they take what is bought for them. What a travesty it all is!

Then what can be done to bring back enjoyment and the proper social intercourse and experience for our young? Much has already been done. As an interested public knows, early last spring the Parents' League and the Junior League of New York circularized their members with questionnaires concerning these matters. Almost a unanimous report was returned from both organizations in favor of earlier closing hours for dances, and demanding promptness at luncheons and dinners. A committee of mothers of débutantes was appointed and a meeting of all mothers of débutantes of the 1929–1930 season was called, at which resolutions were passed binding all present to coöperate in the suggested reforms. These merely made common sense articulate, but as we know common sense is a rare article, and so the battle is not yet won.

So far, I think the young people have made a more earnest response than the parents, although the latter in most instances have been reassuringly encouraging in their coöperation. Invited guests have arrived more punctually. We hope that those hostesses who are still indulgent toward the laggards

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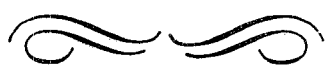
will not defeat our endeavors by waiting for these before seating their guests. Firmness and determination are necessary in the accomplishment of any reform. Most dances now close at three o'clock, the prescribed hour. In many instances boys and girls alike, emulating Cinderella of old, leave the party on the "Three o'clock Curfew," even though the orchestra plays on.

I reiterate, the young are reasonable and courageous. Of course they are conventional, and will follow an example set; so that if the older generation are not as earnest as they are, and do not literally adhere to their resolutions, we shall all slip back to conditions which we say we deplore, and it will be the more shame to us.

ONLY a beginning has been made. There are many problems still to be pondered. The present system of dances is wearing thin. The girl must be cut in on incessantly, and thereby she sees no one with any satisfaction; the over-filled stag line is bulging and crowding the dance floor, and each member of it is beginning to get restive over the fact that his much desired partner is immediately tagged by his rivals. There is given to the boy little or no opportunity to shoulder his part of social courtesy and responsibility, because if luck be against him he may be caught, to the girl's irritation as much as to his own, in the mesh from which neither he nor she can be extricated within reasonable time.

Let us search our hearts to see whether or not our own vanity is not at the root of the evils which I have pointed out. We strive more for our daughters' and our sons' social success than for their spiritual welfare. We lower our flags from where they were wont to fly, ostensibly that our children may not suffer any lack, but in reality because we can not ourselves bear to witness it, even when the experience would be truly uplifting to them.

In any event, let us look to ourselves, for whatever the younger generation does, you may be sure that the older is responsible. We can not excuse ourselves by blandly saying these things are post-war excesses, for after all our generation and the ones before were responsible for the war. It has been accurately said that "criticism of others is obverse flattery of ourselves." But it is not so when we criticize the young. Criticism of our children is complete condemnation of ourselves.



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Civilization at the Bridge Table

By Ely Culbertson
Distinguished Bridge Expert, Editor of "Bridge World"

and Peter F. O'Shea

Professor R. E. Rogers of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology has lately instructed his extension lecture pupils that persons who spend their time playing bridge have fallen to the lowest depths possible for humans. We hear a chorus of "Cheers for Rogers!" drowned out by an amused antiphony of soprano hisses and bass boo's. Priests of bridge are indignant at the professor's attack upon their art. Millions of players need a spokesman to argue that they are not dumb-bells.

On one point, English professors and bridge professors are agreed: millions of our people do spend considerable time playing bridge. During that time they are becoming either more civilized or less civilized. Which? What is happening to their minds and souls, at the bridge table?

The answers to these questions should be immediately determined by a committee of foremost citizens interested in American progress. Since President Hoover has appointed no such committee, we offer this article in lieu of the report that they would undoubtedly turn in.

Both a bridge and a bridge table are tools of civilization. Each promotes a meeting of men and thoughts. Bridge is the card game of civilized people. Any medium of civilization, a school, a church, a bridge or a bridge table, defines the type of civilization peculiar to its surrounding nation. Squinting at the correct angle you will see our civilization reflected from the level surface of the bridge table as from a mirror.

But bridge does more than reflect, it influences.

Having become at least as popular as churches, golf, or common stock, it must, like them, affect our national character. Specific qualities of our national self are required, exercised and intensified by it. First:

Bridge is a game of team work: An American's education in team work begins in childhood with baseball, basket ball and football, to be succeeded later by the various departmentalized activities of corporations, business enterprises, and subdivision of labor — all of which require team work. After thirty and in the evening, our battleground of team work is transferred from the athletic field and the office to the bridge table. Our habit of instantly falling into teams is being devel-

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oped by the bridge table to a point where it cannot but increase our collective effectiveness in all other team activities of business, politics or society. That's enormously important in this complex age where most things are done through organization rather than by soloists.

Bridge is improving our coördination in many of the complex modern activities which use organization as a gigantic tool. Forty years ago Henry Ford had to learn his trade as a machinist, but under present Fordized conditions, the one trade Ford requires his employees to learn is team work. Team work is the universal trade of every American. Bridge tables are a million gymnasiums to improve the mental suppleness of apprentices and masters.

E. H. Harriman, in the wild old days of freebooting captains of industry, of exploitation, of stock market corners and bluff, probably hired only skilled poker players; but in the present days of science, facts, and team work General Harbord, of the Radio Corporation, or Patrick E. Crowley, President of the New York Central, might well require all employees to play bridge.

BRIDGE could not have been played in America on its present scale fifty years ago, before team work became a national habit. It cannot be played now on the American scale in any country of Europe. Europeans claim that the individual solo is much to be desired, but such is the case because Europeans are not so thoroughly educated as Americans in the principles and benefits of team work.

If British battles were won on the playing fields of Eton, American wealth and culture of the future are being developed every evening on the folding bridge table. And vastly more people can buy a three dollar table than can attend Eton. Bridge is educating Americans to be more American — to be better manufacturers, distributors, politicians, economists, and citizens.

BRIDGE provides for the star system too — another American characteristic. Everybody has a chance to be captain, quarterback and ball-carrier whenever his partner obligingly becomes dummy. Suppressed desires are realized. A seventy-yard run through a broken field can be made by a seventy-year-old, dodging like Albie Booth between the east and west hands, scoring by two finesses and an end play. What difference if the touchdown is called a rubber?

Bridge offers also further practice in the American penchant for organizing something, anything, everything. The feminine world no longer need direct its organizing instinct in regard to a club or a charity solely for the pleasure of getting it up rather than for its residual financial benefits to the needy.

A merchant offers with every bridge table an invisible bargain, the opportunity to be a social organizer. Millions of Smiths and Joneses buy. They have the site for organizing at least a foursome. After taking his seat at the table, every player must quietly organize his campaign. A skilful populace organizes miniature enterprises twenty times an evening. Some will organize the United States Steel Corporations, churches, colleges, and chari-

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ties of the future. Others will be more cheerful goats for community chests.

Professor Rogers is an abnormal being. Hating the sight of a deck of cards, he forgets that millions of normal people, pronounced equal to him by a somewhat lowbrow Constitution, find economical recreation in a simple portable invention. Some genius made himself a little pocket picture gallery subject to three billion permutations — reproducing the endless variety of life by the mere act of shuffling — and gave mankind a social boon.

BRIDGE demonstrates and intensifies our national habit of doing things *en masse*. Formerly restricted to a few European aristocrats, our new national game has advanced in the characteristic mass manner of America. At any given moment of the afternoon or evening at least one hundred thousand people are seated around bridge tables in homes and hotels, clubs and churches, town halls and college dormitories.

Bridge has become one of our new industries. Fifty-two million packs of playing cards are manufactured every year. All the bridge tables in America placed one on top of another would reach sufficiently high for Colonel Lindbergh to deal himself a hand in passing at an elevation of a hundred miles.

Scores of books have been published about bridge. Several of them have achieved enormous circulation. A monthly magazine is devoted exclusively to bridge. Syndicated articles appear in over a thousand daily and Sunday newspapers. Additional enormous space is taken by paragraphs about innumerable social activities pivoted around bridge. Experts have been playing bridge games aloud over a national radio chain with a hookup for over two million listeners, the largest regular hookup in the history of radio.

A new profession of bridge instructor or coach has sprung up, employing 1,200 bridge teachers, including former society matrons, high school principals, some Russian nobility and retired Army officers — even one major general, six colonels, and several majors. Lenz, Shepherd, Whitehead, Work have become household names as well known as once were Brunel, Roebling, or Eads. Who are the latter? Ignorance is a proof that architects of bridge are better known nowadays than architects of bridges.

EUROPEANS probably cannot conceive that such an army of bridge teachers could exist. They couldn't in Europe. But why should Europeans be shocked at the idea? Their romantic fencing master of past centuries is merely replaced by today's bridge master. He does not, however, sacrifice social caste, as did the professional fencing master. He is a social lion. Imagine inviting your friends "to meet Wilbur Whitehead." Better than Rudyard Kipling!

"Bridge keeps hundreds of bridge teachers supplied with fur coats," growled Professor Rogers, when we communicated with him by telepathy. "I suppose fur coats are more civilized than loin-cloths."

But he misses the real point, which is this: a million Americans now agree upon the scoring ethics and

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laws of bridge. Agreement on a base of operations must make millions better sportsmen, economists, realists, and *entrepreneurs*. They will be more practical in business, golf, and politics. They learn to be conservative, not to butt into a stone wall nor to step blithely into an air pocket just before a fateful word from Nemesis doubles the injuries. They learn to be energetic when they have values, else they are bawled out by partner and kidded by derisively grateful opponents. Bridge teaches analysis and realism, caution and courage, accuracy and action.

Bridge intensifies our national capacity for organization, team work, standardization, and star plays. If these are traits of civilization, bridge civilizes. Learning to make one's way in a complicated world is civilization.

But does bridge add to our morals? How about gambling?

Bridge has set the nation to card playing. Does that mean we are becoming a nation of gamblers? No. In the first place, part of the growth of bridge is what automobile manufacturers call replacement of other card games already played, such as forty-five, euchre, five hundred, straight whist, pitch, seven up, and pedro. People who played those games without betting can certainly enjoy bridge without betting. Millions of new card players made by bridge do not bet. For them the intellectual pastime is enough.

Those who do bet, place their wagers on skill rather than on the gambler's god of Chance. Bridge is a game of strategy rather than a game of chance. It draws upon the emotions of thought, rather than upon the emotions of curiosity. Bridge achieves what other card games intend — to centre on skill. Except poker, any real card game pretends to be a game of skill rather than of chance.

Even poker claims to need skill not only in computing percentages or probabilities, but also in psychological observation and attack. Its element of skill is what attracted Americans to poker sufficiently to establish it as the national game of past decades.

Bridge has succeeded poker as the national game because bridge excels poker in the employment of skill.

Such a game as faro is not a true card game and has nothing to do with cards; it is a game of chance hung on numbers which happen to be conveniently carried on cards, just as an umbrella might be misused by a young lady for self defense. But one umbrella poked into a solar plexus does not make all umbrellas subject to the tariff on broadswords. So bridge should not be considered even distantly related to such a low-class gambling game as faro, except by a bar sinister.

Faro is based on ignorance — the fact that *we do not know* what card will turn next. Bridge is based on knowledge — exchange of information between partners.

Popularity of bridge proves that we are not becoming a gambling nation. Gambling cannot be eliminated by making laws against it; gambling is harder to prohibit than liquor. Gambling can only be driven out by the spread of bridge!

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Let us illustrate this outcome by turning forward the film of evolution. Bridge is not a static, fossilized game; it is rapidly being fitted with new improvements, like everything else in the hands of Americans.

SHOULD the present rate of improvement continue for only a generation, contract bridge will have advanced so far towards scientific prevision of results that all the remaining elements of ignorance and chance will be removed. Bridge may become 99.7 per cent a game of skill, like chess.

And who ever heard of anybody gambling on a chess game? If I played 100 games of chess with you who are 10 per cent better than I, you would win not merely 10 per cent more games than I, you would win or draw every one of the 100 games. Who would bet on me? Gambling cannot flourish in such an intellectual atmosphere. When chance has been eliminated and skill is absolutely predominant, bridge will involve no gambling.

Bridge has already saved us from gambling. As America grew rich, our increasing national leisure would have used itself partly in deplorable lowbrow games of chance, if it were not for bridge.

True, bridge received a black eye when the wives of Suburbia first began to study it, for these neophytes derived thrills from their optimistic ignorance of what card was going to fall next. Black looks from partners soon reminded them that they should have known instead of guessing. Unnecessary hopefulness became a disgrace in our American *mores*. Ignorance became less and less a desirable part of bridge; it became a source of depression rather than of excitement.

Bridge is decidedly educational. It involves exercise of the mind. Learning to play bridge is learning how to think correctly. We draw one inference from another. Each of two minds learns how to combine several isolated facts into the same complete picture that determines the best bid. Constant meeting of minds is the distinguishing characteristic of bridge over other games.

OUR thinking must be not merely qualitative but quantitative, and accurate. This is particularly true of contract bridge. A penalty attaches to inaccurate thinking. The accurate, quick thinker is rewarded by victory.

True, this thinking must flow along certain channels. But that is true of the writing of verse. Occasionally we meet free verse — and likewise free bridge; but deliver us from both. Anyone wishes to be separated from a capricious partner, unless he has first learned the discipline of bridge, after which we may consider him a genius.

Rigid channels of thought are prescribed in the study of arithmetic, grammar, geometry, language, science, or any other subject pigeonholed in one of the arbitrarily labelled compartments of a college curriculum. A mind which compels itself to conform to a rigid channel becomes more flexible. Here we have the wisdom of the scholastic teachers. Millions of our people have chosen to discipline their minds at the bridge table rather than in debates of theologians or scholars.

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In past generations bridge would have been considered too strenuous an exercise of the mind to serve as a pastime. It would have assumed the magnitude of work. Among a large collegiate population with minds which are trained, orderly, flexible, easily organized and alert to a vocabulary, bridge is sufficiently a facile detail to be an amusement and a relaxation.

Bridge is also a gentle exercise for mental muscles developed to Sandow-like proportions by attendance at college. Gargantuan mentalities need something to keep them in form after graduation. Indeed, many enthusiastic students, while still in college, prefer bridge to analytic geometry. No student graduates from Yale or Princeton, Vassar or Smith without an informal though almost obligatory extra-curricular laboratory course in bridge — though the game played at Smith is not so good.

STATE universities and preparatory schools, in general, propagate a fairly correct game of bridge. It is not an accident that the spread of bridge is coincident with the spread of American demand for universal college education. Bridge is the mental indoor sport of an essentially collegiate people. Bridge was never the game of the little red school house.

Our high schools are following their university leaders. In the Cleveland high schools, bridge is taught of an evening. Neither a required nor an elective subject for the busy youngsters, nevertheless it is allowed as part of the community centre work, for which a high school is a quite proper site. In the morning, mothers of families come to one of the buildings of the city's educational department to practise bridge. True, Cleveland is bridge mad. Yet this instance demonstrates the educational value of bridge. Can you imagine poker classes allowed in a public high school? Oh, W. C. T. U!

We see no reason why bridge should not be extended back among the young sophomores. For young people derive the same advantage from bridge as from geometry, with the additional advantages of the psychological factor which is so rigidly censored from Mr. Euclid's best-seller. Young people can and do rapidly learn to play bridge. The next generation of bridge players will probably be as far ahead of us as we are of the Mid-Victorians.

ANYONE wishing to attack card games makes a poor choice by picking what is undoubtedly the best and most superior card game that exists. Bridge represents an advance in the games of the human race. The more Professor Rogers is proud of being a highbrow, the more thankful he should be to bridge because it has made millions of partial lowbrows more highbrow than they were before.

Bridge is also one of the modern tests of equality which human beings are always making with one another. Tests of prowess are always selected as suitable to the environment of the participants in their generation, so that while leading up to the test, and after it is over, everybody may pretend that the test was inconsequential. Bridge, as a test of prowess, has succeeded

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back-yard wrestling, corn-husking, wassail and horse-trading.

Ability to play bridge is one of the modern gages of equality, like silk stockings and automobiles. Even those girls who prefer to wear cotton stockings — if such girls exist — must wear silk. Even those people whose brains are really too good to waste on bridge must contribute their high mental equipment, else they leave the assumption that others have barred from them the bridge table for lack of brains.

Europeans assume that Americans want standardization. Not altogether. They want equality. Having decided courteously to contribute their attention to doing what other people would like them to do, they politely prepare themselves to do it fairly well.

OUR best people play bridge — and those who want to be the best. Among the contributors to one issue of a bridge magazine are dignified people like Walter Beinecke, president of John C. Paige and Company; Oswald Jacoby of Jacoby, Young and Company, investments, a Fellow of the Actuarial Society; Edward Pope, manager of the Halifax branch of the Bank of Montreal, and W. E. Talcott, assistant general counsel of the New York Central Railroad. Quite respectable, quite. Respectable subscribers, too, bankers, judges, mathematicians, professors, and even — *pièce de resistance* — a bishop.

Bridge is a unifier. It is contagious among all races and groups. One no-trump becomes a universal language, a practical Esperanto. People who understand the vocabulary of bridge understand each other.

In Holyoke, Massachusetts, the Paper City, where racial and religious cleavages are so distinct that they have been known to affect politics and the appointment of a school superintendent, every winter now there are interfraternity tournaments played three times a week, at the Knights of Columbus Club on Monday nights, at the Masons on Tuesdays, and at the Elks on Thursdays. How can a Ku Klux Klan survive that?

BRIDGE is the game of a leisured people. It could not have flourished among so many million five decades ago, when the universal deity was Production. Bridge can increase and multiply only as Production — Long Live the King! — is laid away within working hours, and is succeeded by the reign of pleasant Queen Leisure of the Evening.

Bridge is the game of an urban people. It is a result of the movement of the population from farms into cities. No partnership game requiring four people could have flourished among isolated farmers. Few bridge players were among the farmers' wives who cooked big meals for forty hungry harvesters.

A discerning eye may trace by the number of people who can intelligently bid no trumps, the future of America's kind of civilization, with its team work, equality, leisure, and collegiate intellectualism. For bridge, like our churches, schools, newsreels, and radio, is an educator, social secretary and civilizer of Americans.

Bridge, in short, is indispensable.

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A Rebel from Broadway

By Rose C. Feld

How young Eva Le Gallienne, renouncing the White Way's golden fame, has brought a new meaning to the American stage and to herself unique distinction

Less than ten years ago Broadway was treated to two character portrayals by a young actress which made even the most hardened and cynical critics sit up and write with a new sincerity such words as "glamour," "distinction," "beauty" and "integrity." The girl who evoked this rare praise was Eva Le Gallienne and her vehicles were *Liliom* and *The Swan*. For her, producers and critics and audience alike prophesied a future of wealth and a name blazoned in Gargantuan letters on the skyscrapers of America's great white way. Today you walk down a Broadway which has grown lighter, brighter and tighter in harmony with the rhythm of this brazen decade, and among all the myriad, bewildering signs that shout their wares not one bears the name of Eva Le Gallienne.

Down in the lower part of the city, on a street unaristocratically and inartistically neighbored by the Sixth Avenue elevated structure, by the Salvation Army building, by chauffeurs' doughnut shops, by low-priced clothing shops and dingy boarding houses, stands the Civic Repertory Theatre; and within its packed doors every night the most interesting theatre public that America's most cosmopolitan city can produce, learns over and over again the meaning of "glamour, distinction, beauty and integrity."

The electric sign across the front of the building is not very large and it carries only the name of the theatre. Eva Le Gallienne apparently has had a notion of success differing from that predicted for her. It is a healthful and satisfying sign of our times that today not a single serious lover of the theatre fails to pay tribute to that notion. She has given the American theatre new meaning and new life; she has proved that it can be taken out of the heavily travelled rut of commercial utility and personal aggrandizement and can be placed in the richer and deeper field of cultural development.

Indeed, when one surveys the world of dramatic art, to determine who are its greatest living figures — greatest as judged by their service to the America of today and tomorrow — it is not necessary to compile lists, to mention ten or a dozen names of

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our most famous actors and directors. Eva Le Gallienne, in her youth, her versatility, her energy, her idealism and her accomplishment, stands head and shoulders above the rest. The term "highbrow" has put a curse on everything that has anything to do with activities beyond the mental level of the motion picture devotee. It is the fashion of the day to be "hard-boiled" and cynical. Yet in spite of this and in face of this, a young woman only very little over thirty has made a grateful audience acclaim her realization of an ideal.

REBELLION is the driving force of all pioneering work, a dissatisfaction and restless unhappiness with conditions accepted by people with less vision, a conviction that beyond the immediate horizon of safety and well-being there are greater and finer things to be done. Rebellion it was that made Eva Le Gallienne step out from the gilded but confining frame in which her personal portrait as our most successful young actress was hung. She stepped out to become the creative artist; to revive and restore the canvasses in the world gallery of dramatic art. Eva Le Gallienne, the actress, has not, it is true, disappeared; but greater perhaps in a natural sense is Eva Le Gallienne the director of the Civic Repertory Theatre.

It is interesting to trace the germ of an idea and an ideal. Eva Le Gallienne came to this country when she was sixteen years old. She came frankly, she says, to make a name for herself as a "great actress." The idea was not as brashly adolescent as it sounds. She had been acting for two years and had already scored a personal success as a cockney slavey at the Prince of Wales Theatre in London. Luckily for America, the play died in its infancy.

ALL her childhood and early youth she had spent with her mother on the Continent. Her mother is a native of Copenhagen; her father is Richard Le Gallienne, English poet and writer. Eva Le Gallienne, it is said, is more truly a daughter of her mother than of her father. The Nordic spirit is as restless as its fjords, and its feet as well as its mind travel beyond the boundaries of frontiers. The two, mother and daughter, lived in the colorful capitals of Europe and became part of them, at one with the life about them. They were strangers nowhere, for everywhere they found the things that meant home to them, things that have nothing to do with street numbers or the color of the uniform of the national guard. The greater part of their time they spent in Paris. It was there that Eva Le Gallienne went to school. But whether it was Paris or Copenhagen or Berlin, one thing she always found, a repertory theatre.

"It was not that I sought them out," said she, speaking of this stage of her life. "I was not that unbearable creature, the precocious child demanding the heavy literary fare of her intellectual superiors. It was simply a natural part of my education. To the Continental child the theatre is as important a part of his education as are the elements of good grammar and speech. Every curriculum of every good school includes not only music and an appreciation of the museum arts but regular attendance at the always

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existent repertory theatre where the literature of the classroom comes to magic life under the spotlight. This is the natural heritage of the European boy and girl. There is no self-consciousness about it; it is as much a part of everyday life as are the bottle of wine at a French dinner and the liqueur that follows."

With the background of the Comédie Française, the Odéon in Paris, the Royal Theatre in Copenhagen, the Repertory Theatre in Berlin, Eva Le Gallienne found herself a little lost when she came to New York. For the first time in her life she felt a stranger in a strange land. She had come here, it is true, to be a "great actress," but "great actress" to her was synonymous with great plays. There were good plays being produced, to be sure, and of these *Liliom* and *The Swan* were outstanding examples, but that kind of success was not what she wanted. That, in a manner of speaking, wasn't "home" to her.

"It wasn't money I had come to make in America," she explained. "This was a young country and I was a young person and I thought that here I would find greater opportunity for doing the sort of things that older people were doing in older countries. I soon discovered these things weren't being done here. I do not mean to say that the American theatre wasn't and isn't doing worth while things, for it was and is and I have the deepest and greatest respect for much of the contemporary work that is being produced. But theatre to me means more than that. It means the perpetuation of worth while plays to which one can turn to as to a beloved book in a library. It means keeping alive and before the eyes of the public and especially of youth the best and the finest plays that have been produced since man first translated the beauty of his mind and aspirations into the medium of stage expression. It has nothing to do with nationality; it has nothing to do with time. It means the recognition of the fact that all the vast treasure of beauty that has been created is the heritage of every person. What I am doing is not the last word nor, perhaps, the best word in the choice of material or interpretation, but it is an effort to produce upon the American stage the same sort of plays that every lover of the theatre finds on the European stage."

Ibsen she had always wanted to act. She has a spiritual kinship with him that is greater than background or tradition. He speaks her language; she speaks his. With the money she had made during her Broadway runs and with money she convinced people they ought to let her have to foster an important cultural experiment, she gathered together a company of actors filled with the same constructive rebellion as her own, many of them rich with years of European repertory experience behind them, and produced *The Master Builder* and *John Gabriel Borkman*. She started with a few matinées; she ended with a regular run that often showed the S.R.O. sign at the box-office. The experiment had worked.

Out of this grew the greater idea of the Repertory Theatre, devoted to the ideal of giving splendid plays acted by a company, mentally divorced from the star system, for an

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audience attuned to the efforts of both. All were equally important to make the plan complete.

On October 25, 1926, the Civic Repertory Theatre opened with Eva Le Gallienne as its director. The first play they gave was Benevente's *Saturday Night* and the next morning all the critics in the newspapers more or less kindly agreed with the old adage that a fool and his money are soon parted and made the forecast that before long Eva Le Gallienne would be very glad to get away from the artistic vapors of Fourteenth Street to breathe the more lucrative air of Times Square. The second night the Repertory Theatre gave Tchekov's *Three Sisters*, and this time confused critics went back to their lairs to search out a thesaurus to find words that could adequately describe the artistic excellence of what they had witnessed. *The Master Builder* and *John Gabriel Borkman* were added to the first week's repertoire and the new experiment entered its clear and steady rhythm of change and repetition. Since then, more than a score of plays have been added to the list; and, with the exception of one or two, all of them have been retained.

THE names of the playwrights represented form an impressive mosaic of international dramatic literature. Ibsen is there for the Scandinavian countries, Tchekov, Andreyev and Tolstoi for Russia, Molière and Anet for France, Heijermans for Holland, Sierra and the Quintero brothers for Spain, Goldoni for Italy, Shakespeare and Barrie for England, Susan Glaspell for America. The fact that she hasn't more Americans on her list Eva Le Gallienne regrets more than do her critics, who find in that lack a basis of mild detraction of her work.

"It is not that I have no faith in American playwrights," she said. "That certainly is not the reason we haven't a greater representation of American names. But I am not going to produce a play by an American or by any one else unless and until I am convinced of its excellence. With the work of the past, the years have done what one person can not hope to do, sifted and weighed and judged, letting the mediocre die of inanition and shedding ever new light upon work which is inspired by beauty and molded with artistic craftsmanship.

"WITH the works of the playwrights of today, it is a different matter. One must read, search and study alone and one must come to a decision alone. If ever a play comes to me which fills me with the conviction that it is imbued with qualities to give it greatness and duration, I shall produce it whoever the author may be and wherever he may come from. Several such plays have been produced on the American stage and I should have been exultant had I had the chance to include them in my repertory. But there I am pitted against the American idea of successful production. Few authors there are who, assured of making a Broadway success with their play, will let me have it. They prefer to enjoy immediate royalties, based on White Way prices which are more than double our own, rather than let the weeks and the months and the years accumulate for them a return which eventually may be as great in

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money value and certainly greater in spiritual and cultural satisfaction. On this subject I can speak with conviction. I know. The happiest thing I ever did was to give up what might have been an assured and continued success on Broadway, with all that it means in money and personal reputation, to do the thing that is more worth while doing — and more honest. Some day, perhaps, some of our more successful playwrights will see eye to eye with me on this.

"PRIMARILY, however, the production of native plays is not the purpose of the Civic Repertory Theatre. I didn't start out with any such purpose, nor do I want to adopt it. The production of an American opera by an American composer is not the *raison d'être* of the Metropolitan Opera House. If somebody writes a fine American opera, excellent! It takes its place among the other operas that are being performed. It doesn't have to be compared with Wagner or Verdi or any of the old masters; it doesn't have to reach their stature. But it must be the best that America can produce.

"What I am striving to do is to give to the American theatre what the Metropolitan Opera Company is giving to musical life in America, an understanding and feeling for some of the finer things that creative artists of the nations of the world have contributed to the rich intermingling pattern of culture and art. That is what the repertory theatres do in Europe. In the Royal Theatre at Copenhagen there is a legend over the arch blazoned in letters large enough for the youngest and the oldest to read, 'Not Only for Amusement.' That is what I want the Civic Repertory here to mean, a theater devoted to the tremendous range of the living world of dramatic literature."

Success in what she has set out to do has not quenched the fire of rebellion in Eva Le Gallienne. Nor are the strength and conviction that go with the pioneer spirit the only qualities she has. Strange in one so young is her mature kindness, her wide sympathy. Meeting her, one understands her predilection for Ibsen and Tchekov. Through a deep fusion of spiritual forces she possesses the qualities of both.

"IBSEN I love, of course," she said. "He is my own kind. I grew up with his work. I read him in the original with my mother. I know what he is striving for. He is rebellious, impatient, strong, uncompromising, fierce in his denunciation of weakness and lack of integrity. He has no fear; he strikes out boldly. Tchekov — he's different. He is kind. He never judges; he never says 'this is wrong.' Suffering has given him understanding of mankind's weaknesses. He knows futility; he knows frustration; he knows the bitter uneffectuality of thinking and planning and doing nothing. He feels a kinship with lowliness. And out of the depth of his heart and its pain he creates beauty."

There is no pose, no grand manner, no affectation about Eva Le Gallienne when she speaks. One is convinced of her sincerity; one is grateful for her candor and for the sense of humor which she turns revealingly upon herself more often than upon others.

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Today, our leading commentators on the drama are agreed that nobody is contributing as much as she is to the American theatre. J. Brooks Atkinson, dramatic critic of *The New York Times*, fills the serious columns of that newspaper with a brilliant tribute to her work, and in lighter vein Robert Benchley of *Life* devotes a page to her enterprise and apologizes for his tardiness in congratulating her on "her victory." In the second year of her repertory experiment, one of America's foremost woman's magazines awarded her the prize dedicated "to the American woman who has made the most distinctive contribution to American life in the field of arts, letters or the sciences." She has received several honorary degrees from American colleges which recognize in her work cultural aims comparable to their own, fortified by the additional advantage of reaching out toward those who have never entered and never will enter a university classroom.

HER theatre is not self-supporting, although during the season of 1928–1929 it played to ninety-four per cent capacity and this year the average promises to be even higher. Yet even with a hundred per cent attendance the undertaking cannot stand on its own feet at the box-office prices of fifty cents to a dollar-and-a-half, which Miss Le Gallienne has established as permanent. To her the kind of audience she gets is more important than box-office receipts.

Particularly interested is she in keeping the young people, the molders and exponents of cultural taste in the future. When she announced her production of *Peter Pan* many of her old stand-bys thought she was making a great mistake. The play had no place in a repertory theatre, they said, and Peter Pan was not her rôle. Again Eva Le Gallienne proved that she was right and her critics, no matter how friendly their instincts, were wrong. Her playing of Barrie's immortal character fills the house to overflowing with joyous children, with grown-ups who are glad to have the excuse of acompanying children, and with those who shamelessly come alone. But it is the children to whom Eva Le Gallienne plays. She wants them there to see her Peter Pan, it is true, but deeper than that is her desire to have them in her theatre, to build up for them a memory of the magic of the stage, to make them want to return to the same place in years to come for the enjoyment of similar but more mature magic.

IT MAY not pay her in dollars and cents but it pays in achievement, and the dollars and cents that are lacking at the end of the year, Eva Le Gallienne meets by going out like a crusader and storming the moneyed battlements of people who are willing to contribute to work that is conceded to be great. Right now she is playing with the thought of extending her audience through the medium of the talking motion picture, but motion picture producers are still convinced that entertainment lifted above the level of the twelve-year-old intelligence doesn't pay. However, she hasn't given up the idea. If she'll want it badly enough and consider it sufficiently important to fight for she will, like Barrie's Sentimental Tommy of whom she is at moments oddly reminiscent, "find a way."

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So great has been her achievement as the force behind the Civic Repertory Theatre that today the question is raised whether she is as great an actress as she is a director. Fortunately Eva Le Gallienne has a sense of humor. The question probably makes her smile; it ought to. A few years ago theatre pundits were berating her for giving up a brilliant career on the American stage to tinker with a job she knew little of — direction.

The field of repertory calls for constant change and anyone who has seen her in her various rôles, each different, each individual, cannot fail to rate her as an actress who now outranks all others on the American stage. One does not seek to detract from such great names as Mrs. Fiske, Ethel Barrymore, Katherine Cornell, Pauline Lord, Jane Cowl or Lynne Fontanne; but with the most robust flight of fancy it is difficult to imagine any one of them essaying equally well all the rôles Eva Le Gallienne has made her own in the course of her three years at the Repertory Theatre. Perfection in Ibsen is granted her without reservation or stint. Her Hedda Gabler, her Hilda in the *Master Builder*, her Ella Rentheim in *John Gabriel Borkman*, are Ibsen, as Ibsen made them. But in other portrayals, where the stark strength of the Scandinavian rebel is as foreign as an iceberg in Spain, she also has touched the characters she plays with the breath of talent amounting to genius. Her Sister Joanna in Sierra's *Cradle Song*, her Varya in Tchekov's *Cherry Orchard*, her Jo in Heijerman's *The Good Hope*, her Anna Karenina in Tolstoi's *Living Corpse*, her Peter Pan, to mention a few, show sufficient range of diversity of character to indicate what she is doing. To each she brings an elusive something that arouses in the heart of the beholder a warm rush of delight that only nature in a rare mood or a great work of art can evoke.

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Love in the Wilderness

By Thomas Boyd

Author of "Through the Wheat," "Mad Anthony Wayne"

A Romance of Pioneer Days in Ohio

Slender, young and preoccupied amidst the tall stand of rusty cornstalks in the bottomland, George McDermott dexterously continued to work his husking peg, pausing only to lift a forearm and wipe the sweat on the sleeve of the coarse linen shirt his mother had spun for him the year before. About him the frayed pinions of the corn moved gently in the autumn air, a rustling that sounded loud in the stillness of the little clearing by the river. In front of him, across the stretch of black and yellow tassels, rose his parents' cabin, a square of thick gray logs with a sloping roof surmounting a green knoll. Smoke from the side chimney was rising in hidden wisps against the colored leaves of the surrounding forest. His mother was inside cooking venison and succotash in a great iron pot.

The ears of corn thumped down and rattled brittly in the basket as they dropped from George's hand. His iron peg ripped into the husk of another, then stopped. He held himself motionless, listening. From behind him there was a sound on the dappled river's face, less loud than the rustling of the stalks and the creaking of the boughs, but he heard it. His lean, narrow mouth set thoughtfully. He knew that somebody was on the river. That whoever it might be was a stranger to him. For everybody — both Indians and traders — who lived along the Maumee paddled more smoothly and more silently. A stranger! Maybe strangers! An intense feeling of interest churned warmly inside him.

It had been so long since he had seen any strangers. Five years. Then it had been General Anthony Wayne and his Legion who had marched up the Maumee towards Lake Erie where they had whipped the Ohio Indians at Fallen Timbers. George had been with Mad Anthony then, but he had not gone on down with the army to Fort Greenville where all the great Indians — Little Turtle, Blue Jacket, Hopocan and the rest — had signed a treaty which left them only a corner of the land which once was theirs. He had not gone because, he had decided, there was plenty for him to do right where he was about his father's cabin.

Though George and his father had accomplished much, it had not kept

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loneliness from sometimes obscuring the youth's clear outlook as a young settler in the wilderness. Dreams of more than his own life knew came to disturb him. Often at night the wretched whimper of a catamount would wake him — calling to someone, it sounded like — and he would lie with staring eyes until dawn tinged the mica of the cabin window above his head.

It was this loneliness, this feeling of incompleteness, that made him listen so eagerly now to the sounds of the strange boat passing behind him on the river. Somebody in it! Not a bushy faced trader from up at the mouth of the Maumee where they were building Fort Industry, not a Shawanese or Delaware Indian, but a person he could talk to — maybe a young man like himself!

Merely to hear the ruffling of the paddles, the gentle slapping of the waves against the sides of the craft, was as exciting to him as anything that had happened since the day he followed Major Campbell's cavalry charge through the tall cornstalks at the edge of Fallen Timbers. He was afraid to look lest through some unpleasant miracle the boat should be empty. If it were, then his life, too, would be empty, he felt.

He looked, finally, steeling his eyes against disappointment. In midstream a small pirogue was moving slowly against the current. A thin man with a paddle knelt in the squared-off stern. The middle was loaded with pots and bedding from the midst of which appeared a woman's head and shoulders. But it was at the figure in the prow that George looked longest. He saw a mass of yellow hair, a pair of brown arms bare to the elbows and a regular profile set purposefully ahead as the girl kept the pirogue firmly on its course.

George was more than surprised, he was stupefied. Not since adolescence had he seen any manner of white girl; never in his twenty-odd years had he beheld a woman with yellow hair. His throat clogged and he felt as if a current of hot air were sweeping over him. Concealed by the cornstalks he continued to gape. He saw the man jerk his elbow a little to the right and indistinctly heard him mutter:

"That field. 'Twarn't planted by Injuns. Not nohow."

The woman raised up a little. Her voice sounded plaintive as she said, "If they's white folks it's a mercy. These 'tarnal trees and rivers."

George saw the girl turn half around. "They's a cabin with smoke in the chimbley," he heard her say.

Her father answered, shortly, "'Tend to where you're goin'. Cabin'll take care of itself."

George waited, hoping the girl would speak again. But she didn't. Nor her mother, either. And evidently her father had said all he had meant to say. In the silence George stood there, watching the pirogue draw steadily towards the bend in the river. At last it disappeared behind a group of overhanging willows.

When the Maumee's surface was serene again George doubled up the fist that held the husking peg and stared at his knuckles bitterly. The swift passage of the girl had changed everything. Things that he had been pleased to have accomplished in the

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past were now as nothing: the sills he had hewn for the cabin, the stumps he had pulled, the granary he had helped build, everything in which he had taken a secure pride, now seemed unimportant. Of a sudden he wanted to do something gloriously impossible.

But the wilderness mocked him in this new desire. The trees, so long in growing to their sturdy greatness, raised their slow dignity against his will. And in the pasture north of the cabin lay unbroken sod, tough and thick over the teeming earth. Doggedly he went back to work. After a while his mother called. He saw his father's figure, tall in buckskin, by the door and knew it was time to eat.

Slight, with dark, animated features, George's mother set a great bowl on the plain-topped table. George drew up a three-legged stool beside his silent father. He was eager to talk of the people in the pirogue. At last he said, "I seen some settlers agoin' up the river." He stopped dead still and his face flushed uncomfortably.

His father took no notice of the blood under George's tan. Kindly but almost thoroughly self-contained, he answered shortly, "Seen 'em myself."

George's mother pushed her straight dark hair back from her narrow cheeks and leaned her elbows on the table. "Folks'll be acomin' now. It's naught but what's to be expected. But we've done our share of traipsin'. Leastways I hope."

George subsided. So that, he thought gloomily, was all the interest his parents showed in people who came to live beside them! Just as if they came every day! Just as if his father and mother didn't want them to come at all! And all the while that girl and her family might be travelling farther and farther away. For the Maumee, a few miles westward, was joined by the Auglaize; and a pirogue could venture far before reaching the source of either. They could go for several days on the Maumee to the north and west or for an equally long time on the Auglaize to the south and west. The thought suddenly came to him that he might never see the girl again. At that a wild resentment towards everything and everybody overwhelmed him. He stood up quickly and left the table.

Angus McDermott lifted his eyes in surprise and inquired mildly, "Now what's got into the boy?"

His wife smiled wistfully and shook her head. "I reckon it gits right lonesome for a boy."

George went back to the cornfield and worked steadily until dusk. But meanwhile he kept thinking of the pirogue moving up the river. How far would they be going, he wondered. Beyond the Forks, that was sure; for the bottomland about the Forks was settled by Delawares and Shawanese and a white family coming to this neighborhood would not stop until it had gone far beyond them. And if her father was like his father, he knew instinctively, he would follow the river until he had come to a completely isolated spot. Knowing so much, he blindly determined to find out the rest.

He had to wait for the chance to go in search of them. With an exasperation that was only half hidden he

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saw a number of days go slowly by. There was soap to be made, logs to be cut and a trip to be made down to Fort Miami after salt. When these things had been done there was a new job on hand: his father wanted him to help build a new granary, one farther up the slope from the river bank than the old one, for during the last two spring thaws the flood-water had nearly washed it away. George bit his lips but nodded his head. Yet before the work was finished the first snow had fallen and the pirogue had had time to go up the Auglaize to the St. Mary's portage, down the Miami to the Ohio and down the Ohio to the sea if its owners had been so inclined.

But the urge to follow was strong enough in George for him to take the risk of finding nothing. On a bright, crisp morning he set out with his long-barreled musket and journeyed to the Forks where the abandoned Fort Defiance stood, then followed the Auglaize down past Blue Jacket's town. That war chief was a friend of his father's and George knew most of the Indians in his village.

Two miles from the Forks he reached it, a series of widely strung houses made of skin and bark tacked to long, horizontal poles. Dark, round-faced children peeped from open flaps as he approached. A young, beaded squaw thrust forth her head, then drew back again noncommittally. Walking on, George stopped and stooped over by one of the v-shaped apertures. Calmly unoccupied beside one of the upright poles sat a seamy-faced but not humorless old man who said to him:

"Whingy-Pooshies greets the son of McDermott."

George nodded. Like his mother, he had no fondness for the Indians. They sat around without doing anything so long as they had enough to eat, and were unspeakably dirty according to his standards. He asked abruptly, "Did Whingy-Pooshies see the white man's log canoe that came up past his cabin?"

At mention of the pirogue a boy broke into an eager chatter. He was silenced by the old man. Inclining his head Whingy-Pooshies answered, "Ai, Whingy-Pooshies saw the white family." His arm swept out to the left, pointing up the river.

That was all George wanted to know. He turned around, stooped under the flap and went through the rest of the village at a quick pace. But in the forest again he walked more carefully, watching the banks along the little streams which flowed in from the sides.

It was late afternoon when there came from the trees ahead of him the sharply chipping noise of an axe cutting into wood. He stood still. Again the axe fell and he heard a man's voice — her father's — calling, "Stand away!" From that he knew that they were making a clearing on which to build a cabin. He crept noiselessly forward, much as if he were stalking a deer. Only there was no shrewdly measuring light in his eyes as there would have been under those circumstances. Instead he looked half scared and his heart shook like a clapper in a muffled bell. From in front of him came a splintering of limbs and a crash on the hard earth. He stopped dead still. Now he

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could see through the branches into the clearing.

A shack covered with strips of bark stood near the river's edge surrounded by white jagged stumps. A little farther away from the stream lay a square of piled logs that formed the beginning of the cabin. George saw the father's broad back bent over the fallen tree, but his eyes swept on down the length of it to where the girl was standing. She was wearing a blue dress made of one piece, her soft yellow hair lay heavily about her slim shoulders, and she was soberly watching her father trim the branches with his hatchet.

GEORGE looked at her with a kind of desperate hunger. For he knew he could go no nearer. The wall of another world seemed to stand between him and this girl in the clearing, transparent but impassable. She was something completely outside his experience, but overwhelmingly necessary to it. He stood there passionately wanting to go to her and speak, but his bashfulness and fear were so great he could not make a sound or movement in her direction.

His shoulders slumped defeatedly. He sighed. Then he turned and walked swiftly back over the long trail that would take him, after night had fallen, to his parents' cabin.

On the way his mind cleared a little, but not much. Stumbling into the light of the hearth where his father and mother were seated by the smoldering logs, he stopped and blinked at them but said nothing.

His father looked up in surprise at his empty hands. He asked half-humorously, "Son, where's that b'ar yore mammy reckoned you'd be fetchin' home?"

George turned his head and muttered, "Ain't been huntin'. Didn't aim to do shootin' when I set out."

His father frowned at him speculatively. The only times George left the clearing was when he went hunting.

"Plenty on hand anyway," said his mother cheerfully; "and your supper's still in the pot."

"Ain't hungry," George answered slowly. He sat down in a corner.

His mother looked toward him in amazement. "Come here," she peered at him anxiously. He came and stood beside her. "Ain't sick, air you?"

"No," he told her heavily, "I ain't sick."

SOON afterward he went to his bed in the lean-to and lay thinking of what a fool he had made of himself, going all that way up the Auglaize and then standing there dumb as a deer in front of a bright light! He should have walked right up to them and told them that he and his parents were neighbors of theirs and that if they wanted him to lend a hand some day he'd be right glad to do it. That was the way! Then maybe he could have got hold of that hatchet and shown her father how he trimmed logs! That would have made her eyes pop, he'd bet. But instead of doing that, he disgustedly admitted to himself, he had done nothing, not a 'tarnal thing.

A few days afterward he discovered that he had done even worse than he had thought at first. He was carrying corn into the new granary,

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the one built out of reach of the spring flood water, when it came to him that the cabin foundation which her father was laying was on low ground and would be a dangerous place to live when the Auglaize went on its annual rampage in March or April. He should have stepped forward and warned her father that he was making a lot of work for nothing. Yes, he'd have to go back there again. As he made this decision his erstwhile gloomy face lighted up, for he realized that now he would have a valid excuse to introduce himself and talk to the girl.

THERE was a thin sheet of ice on the Maumee the day he left. Winter had really begun and he pulled his coonskin cap well down over his ears as he stood with his musket by the fireplace getting ready to go out.

His father, who had been concernedly watching him the past few weeks, said, "You goin' huntin' for sartin' this time, son?"

George looked away. "Might be," he said deliberately; "then agin I might not."

"Now there's an answer for you!" ejaculated his father, drily. He appealed to his wife, "Char'ty, what's got into that boy?"

George went out, down past Fort Defiance again, through Blue Jacket's village and along the Auglaize where the bare trees and underbrush stood cold and shivering beneath a whipping northwest wind. As his moccasins slipped smoothly over the frozen earth he kept thinking, "I'll go right up to their threshold an' I'll take off my cap an' say right quick, 'Stranger I'm a neighbor of your'n. We've lived here a spell and I know this river. You'd best build your cabin on some high ground or the 'Glaize'll take it away from under you when it gits high in the spring.'" Then he would be invited to sit down; at last he would be talking to the girl.

He walked on, past the sandy little inlet by the clump of birch trees and finally came to the tree against which he had stood the first time he had come there. Up ahead in the small clearing he heard a sharp, brittle sound. It was like the cracking of ice. He looked first at the roughly made cabin, its doorway open to the cold except for a blanket hung before it. Then his eyes turned towards the river bank. There was the girl bent over the water with a wooden bowl in her hands. He gasped, as if to clamp his bashfulness inside his tightly shut lips, and went quickly forward.

But before George had got halfway across the clearing the blanket in front of the cabin doorway was violently thrust to one side and the girl's father, holding his long squirrel rifle steadily out before him, stepped over the threshold and demanded menacingly, "Where ye agoin', stranger!"

CONFUSED by the unexpectedness of this challenge, George came to a dead halt and stood looking from the father to the girl, then back again at the father and the musket. The words he had meant to speak fastened themselves into a hoop that whirled and whirled around in his head. He couldn't get hold of one of them. His mouth opened and closed noiselessly and his cheeks felt hot. The girl, he saw, was watching him intently;

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her eyes were soft and her lips tremulous — not like the steely gaze and line-drawn mouth of her father. "I," said George, "I —"

The girl's father came one step nearer, his bony hands tight on stock and barrel of his long squirrel rifle. There was a fanatical light in his eyes and his chin was set at a stubborn angle. "Git!" he commanded and slapped the stock of his rifle meaningly, "git afore I —"

GEORGE looked at the cabin, the river, the man, the girl. He knew he ought to say what he had come there to say. The cabin was too low and too near the river. It was dangerous. But the look in her father's eyes was also dangerous. George could tell from the way he grasped the musket that her father meant to pull the trigger. The old fool! he thought in dismay; then in anger: the old fool! He felt ridiculous and his temper soared. "I'll git!" he promised, "I sho' will git!" He wheeled about and marched back through the clearing.

On the way home his anger mounted and subsided a dozen times. Finally there was left only humiliation and a dull resentment against life. Now, he thought bitterly after her father had ordered him out of their clearing he would never be able to look that girl in the face again. He swung on through the cold, gathering darkness which made the world all one.

So again he returned emptily to his cabin, with nothing in his hands or heart to cheer him. His father, drying his leggings and moccasins by the fire as before, watched him perplexedly as he came in and asked with a quizzical smile, "You hain't let all the game in this 'tarnal woods make a fool of you agin, have you son?"

"No," said George solemnly, "I hain't;" then he added, "'twaren't the game nohow." He closed his lips tightly.

"Next time you go out with the musket," continued his father, "I expect it'll take a sledge to draw all the meat home."

"I expect it will," George answered soberly. From that moment he determined to fall back into the life he had known before the pirogue with the girl and her parents had come up the river. It had been lonely, sometimes unbearably so, but there had been serene days, too. He wrinkled his forehead and thought hard of how contented he had been before he had known about girls with wavy yellow hair.

BUT often it was difficult to convince himself that there had ever been any contentment there in the cabin and the clearing. Through the winter he kept thinking of the three times he had seen the girl. The first day was pleasantest to remember. It had been bright and mild and her appearance on the river like a gold and silver dream. But on those other two occasions he had been chagrined, first by his inability to talk, then by her coolly violent and suspicious father. What had the old man done that for, he angrily asked himself; just as if he had come there to do the girl some harm! Why should he want to do that? But now the old man could go to hell; the 'Glaize, George felt, could carry his cabin clear down to the bay in

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front of Fort Industry for all he gave a whoop.

The winter passed. In the forests spots of brilliant green and heavy black began to show beneath the covering of white snow. The ice over the brooks dissolved, leaving them free to tumble down over rocks and twigs on their way to the rivers into which they emptied. For miles around the hard earth loosened, grew damp, then wet as it thawed. The crystal sheet that covered the Maumee and the Auglaize was no longer bright, it was a rotting yellow by the banks. In the middle the current soon rushed dark and turbulent, with nothing between it and the warming sun. Slowly the Maumee began to swell.

George stood with his father in the soggy bottomland. The clearing seemed peaceful and quiet, but from a bare branch a fat robin was singing shrilly into the clear blue space and below the river gave out its incessant high-water swishing. "A week, now," said George, "an' it'll be time to plant most any day."

His father shook his head. "Come a week, this ground'll be under water; mark my words."

GEORGE restlessly balled his hands into fists. All the country-side was astir after its long winter sleep. That he alone should have to remain idle was baffling. "Kinda like to *do* something," he said.

Angus McDermott, having learned through years in the wilderness to take things as they come, smiled with a hint of irony. "You talk like you was strung up on a limb, son. There's that net in the corner of the lean-to; you mend it an' we'll ketch a mess of fish."

"Wel'," the job was too slow and piddling, George felt; "well —" reluctantly he turned and went up the slope to mend the net. But that was not really what he wanted. He needed something that would weary him, like digging up the ground or pulling stumps. Then, he believed, he would be able to sleep at night without thinking of that girl. When he thought of her he felt as light as if he were riding a swift white cloud; but always in the background was the remembrance of her father and his grim musket, which made him feel hard and bitter. So, since there was nothing to be done about it, it was better that his mind be cleared of the whole muddle.

WHILE he sat in the lean-to with the stiff cords of the net on his knees, a tiny hammering sounded on the roof. It was raining, the drops spilling in a hurried tumult. A heavy rain, he knew, would not only of itself raise the rivers, it would also hasten the spring thaw. They were treacherous, these spring thaws. A man might go to bed at night with the water not alarmingly high and wake up the next morning — or before — to find himself floating on his bedstead. He listened. Already enough rain had fallen to make rivulets under the eaves. He could tell from the liquid noises made by the fresh drops as they fell.

The rain grew heavier. It came down hard in slanting sheets. He heard, through the logs that separated the lean-to from the cabin, his father come stamping over the threshold in his moccasins and mutter, "Damned if I hain't got soaked agin'!"

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"Sho'," he heard his mother say, "you'll grumble worse if it puts the fire out."

George laid away his net and circled his knees with his arms. The water was seeping through the bark of the lean-to roof. In the corner farthest from his bed a little puddle had formed on the floor. It had been a long while since the rain had soaked through so soon. Abruptly a picture of the girl came into his mind. But he could visualize only her face and hair and shoulders. He wondered what she was doing, if she were inside and warm. Inside, probably, but not very warm or dry, for few cabins had rain-proof roofs the first year they were built. And if this weather lasted through the night she'd be likely to find herself with no shelter at all in a day or so. It depended on how long it took the 'Glaize to rise after the rain had stopped.

It did not seem as if the rain would ever stop. It put out the fire in the cabin, and though George's father started a new one with flint and chips, it too expired. After a cold supper George went to bed to the incessant sound of beating rain.

BY MORNING the Maumee had brimmed over its banks and a small lake covered the lowest part of the bottomland. That was, George knew from experience, only the beginning. Not for a day or so, when the hillside streams began draining the accumulated moisture from the forests, would the Maumee really strike its spring thaw stride. He watched it anxiously. It made him think of the 'Glaize. That fool old man, who had no better sense than to chase him away from his daughter when George had just come there to give him some advice — a man as crazy as that wouldn't have sense enough to see that a river that rose so high directly after a rainfall would be bound to rise more than twice as high in a day or so!

WELL, he angrily told himself that afternoon, it was no business of his what happened to the cabin on the 'Glaize. They could take to their pirogue and live on polliwogs for all of him! But the next moment, as if his thoughts were exactly the opposite of what he felt, he suddenly waded down to his canoe which was riding high and fast to the rope that tied it to a willow limb, then climbed in and shoved across to the other side. Beaching the canoe he struck westward through the woods toward the Auglaize. He would have to warn that old man after all, even at the risk of a lead ball through his buckskin breeches.

No matter how or where he walked the earth oozed up over the leather leggings about his ankles. And for all his knowledge of the woods his journey was slow and haphazard, for the main trail by the river was under water and he had to strike through among the trees as best he could. Overhead the sun was hot, but for once its warmth and brilliance could have been spared: it would make the thawing streams like cataracts and the rivers swollen and dark with silt and débris.

As he passed near the point opposite which the Auglaize streamed into the Maumee he saw with a sense of uneasiness that the 'Glaize was lying heavily in its banks, the water looking menacingly swollen by the

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half-submerged trunks of the willows at the edges. Farther on he skirted Blue Jacket's village and his alarm grew. For he could see no smoke rising from their bark and sapling houses against the evening sky and there was no sound or movement in the paths between the dwellings. Fearing the river, the Indians had moved away.

He had got to the clump of slender birch trees when evening suddenly dropped down on mud and trees and turbulent water. A little stream was there and his buckskin breeches were wet to the thighs as his moccasins slipped into it. The little stream had become a big one with a current against which he had to plant his feet firmly to keep from slipping. He came to the clearing and wound carefully between the uneven rows of stumps. On his right the ground was covered with a dark glistening liquid clear to the edge of the cabin.

"HI!" George called. For a moment no sound came from within. Then the voice of the old man answered:

"Who air you?"

"I'm a neighbor," said George. The old fool might get out his musket again, but that couldn't be helped now.

"Go do yore neighborin' somewheres else!" the voice harshly advised.

As George waited, wondering what he could say in reply, he heard feminine voices from inside the cabin. It sounded as if the mother and the girl were pleading and remonstrating. They must have been, for after a while the old man grudgingly shouted, "Speak out what you come here fur!"

George smiled grimly. His eyes caught the gleam of the menacing water, rising unperceived. He shouted back, "I ain't come here to stand palaverin' while this river makes a raft outen your cabin!"

SILENCE followed. Then he could hear the girl's parents talking and at last the mother's frightened voice, "I was afeared on it all along. It'll be a mercy if we hain't all drownded afore sunup."

"Hush that noise!" her husband commanded uneasily; "ef we git washed out we git washed out." He called to George, "Step inside, stranger."

Walking to the cabin George heard her father exclaim, "What and the —!" and guessed rightly that in swinging out of bed his feet had struck cold water, which he had not known was there. Then life grew brisker within those four log walls. "H'ist yourself Polly; darter, git up; stranger, I reckon it's jist as bad as you made out." The father jabbered quickly as George entered the enclosed darkness. He was a different man now, for fear was harrying him and he had no notion of what to do. Lifting his legs back up on the bed he sat there.

George moved awkwardly in the blackness of the cabin. Something had to be done and, he was aware, he would be the one to decide what it would be. Over the ground on which he stood the water was creeping in slow silence. If it came too high the cabin would have to be abandoned. But until then there was no sense in going out into the wet forest to pass the rest of the night. Meanwhile he had a sense of peace such as he

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had never felt before. Somewhere near him in the night was the girl, and this knowledge was like coming at last to the end of a long and baffling trail.

Her mother spoke from the bed of bent saplings and leaves on which she and her husband lay: "Set, stranger. Lucy, h'ist yourself an' let the man set down."

GEORGE heard the words with a kind of awe. Lucy! Her name was Lucy. He had never heard that name before, but it seemed to belong to her miraculously. Still more miraculous was the fact that he was to sit beside her. He stepped to the left where a crisp rustling sounded from a sack of dry leaves. His hand touched the edge of the rough plank that was her bed. He swung himself up and sat perfectly motionless.

After a while her father said, "Right thankful we ain't kotched asleep, the river arisin' like this. Woke up drownded, mebbe."

"You'd been woke up afore that," said George. He reached down to rub his wet legs which were growing numb with the cold. As he raised up again he was aware of the girl moving gently beside him. Slowly a piece of blanket encircled his shoulders. He raised his hand. It touched hers and their fingers slowly intertwined. He didn't care much now whether the water rose or fell.

The night became colder. It was likely to freeze, which would mean a gradual decrease in the flood before morning. A while later he asked her father, "Y'ain't let that pirogue git away from you?"

"She's tied fast. 'Twon't take much wadin' to draw her in."

George nodded to himself. If the need came and the pirogue still floated he could get it even if he had to swim for it. But meantime they were better off in the cabin than anywhere else. At the least it would keep them partially dry. And in the morning it would be soon enough for them to go to shore. Until then there was nothing to do but keep awake and watch the water.

At midnight the swollen river lay within a foot of their beds, George judged it. He waited with every nerve alert. But an hour or so later he found it had ebbed a few inches. He smiled his relief into the night, for the danger had passed. As he rigidly sat there he felt Lucy drowsily relax. Her shoulder touched his breast and he gently put his arm around her to save her from falling.

The night wore on. Soon he could tell from the sounds that he was the only one awake. He felt a protective urge to smooth out Lucy's hair and caress her cheek, but he knew that would waken her. Instead he watched, motionless, for the coming dawn.

HE SAW the light through the cabin door. It was gray as the gray water that lay deep over the threshold and covered the clearing. But there was high ground in the forest beyond, and breakfast if it could be caught. At any rate his powder and flint were dry; now that dawn had come it was better in the forest so long as the flood remained. He took her up; his feet slipping quietly into the chill water. As he waded with her across the clearing he felt that so would he fend for her throughout their life together.

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We Cry Unity!

By the Rev. Karl Reiland, D.D.

Rector of St. George's Church, New York City

Does the attitude of the Episcopal Church destroy all hope of Christian rapprochement?

In these days of modern thought and liberal tendencies, how is it that a Protestant Episcopal Church like St. George's, New York, can be forbidden by ecclesiastical authority to have a distinguished Presbyterian minister conduct a service in its building? This actually occurred last November and the incident was given wide publicity. Yet it must be admitted that the general public has a nebulous notion of the whole affair. The "ecclesiastical prohibition" has seemed a strange and contradictory attitude in view of the wide interest in Christian Unity — the effort of the divided Christian churches to draw together and reconcile their differences.

The matter reaches back to the origins of the Christian church and its ministry and the differing theories of it among various communions. These theories are built upon the New Testament, supplemented by "the surviving literature of the first hundred years of Christianity." So great is the diversity to be met with in this body of literature that the Roman Catholic, the Eastern Orthodox, the Episcopal, the Presbyterian and the Independent Churches can find material to support the theories upon which their several practices are based. A modern scholar puts it in this way: "In the classic words of *Alice in Wonderland*, 'Everyone has won, and all shall have prizes'."

A chief reason why no specialized order of the ministry prevailed in the beginning is that the Early Christians were expecting the world to come to an end in their lifetime and saw no need of organization. A consequence of this was that different groups arose and various titles came into use and not until the Fourth or Fifth Century is a standard form of ministry discernible. The best scholarship holds that Jesus did not found a church or establish a ministry; but that there was an evolution of ministerial order according to the needs and conditions of the time and that no ecclesiastical form of order can claim divine origin. By the Fifth Century the ministry had crystallized into a three-fold order of bishops, priests and deacons. The bishops claimed continuity and described their office

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as a succession from the twelve apostles chosen by Jesus. The doctrine of Apostolic Succession implies peculiar "priestly powers" and "valid authority." The Roman, Eastern and Anglican Churches assert that whoever is ordained in this Succession, that is, "episcopally ordained" has a valid office and ministry and that ministers not "episcopally ordained" do not share this authority and validity; or to express it in another way, Apostolic Succession is the ecclesiastical counterpart of the political conception of divine right.

WE ALL know that the present divisions among Christian churches have arisen in the course of history for various reasons and that the present efforts to heal division are both ideal and economic, but are hindered by the tenacity with which each ecclesiastical body holds to the theory of its origin, or justifies the special reasons for its existence. The Anglican and Eastern churches have never been able to unite. The Roman Catholic Church has no dealings with either and has made known to the Anglican communion that there is no hope for Christian Unity between these two churches except upon terms of submission to the Holy See. The Protestant Episcopal Church in this country and the Church of England, together referred to as the Anglican communion, are harmonious. This communion is more comprehensive than the others, for it includes in its membership on the one hand those who are sympathetic toward the Roman Church and on the other hand those who are sympathetic toward the other Protestant bodies.

Officially the Protestant Episcopal Church is predisposed in favor of ecclesiastical bodies having the episcopal form of ministry. Its canon law favors that attitude because of its own episcopal claims. It does not expressly repudiate other Protestant bodies, but it officially disassociates itself from them. For instance, a Roman priest coming into the Episcopal Church is not reordained, but a Methodist minister must receive episcopal ordination, for the bishops of that communion are not regarded as having part in the historic continuity. It may be well to say, at this point, that the theory of Apostolic Succession, that is, of an unbroken continuity of bishops direct from the Apostles, is only a theory and not a fact. There is no historical material to support the claim. The Apostolic ministry is an evolution, not a foundation; it is a matter of tradition, not truth. The facts of history dispose of the theory; and the practice of the theory can not dispose of the facts of history.

NOW, why in the present instance was a Presbyterian minister prevented from conducting a service in an Episcopal Church? The Canon (23) reads in part as follows:

Of Persons not Ministers in this Church Officiating in any Congregation thereof

No minister in charge of any Congregation of this Church, or, in case of vacancy or absence, no Church Wardens, Vestrymen or Trustees of the Congregation, shall permit any person to officiate therein, without sufficient evidence of his being duly licensed or ordained to minister in this Church . . .

This is a clear prohibition against officiating in any Congregation of *this Church* by any person not "duly

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licensed or ordained to minister in this Church." The prohibition is, however, not against officiating in the church edifice but in the Congregation. This is clear not only from the words of the Canon itself but from the title to the Canon, to which, if there were any ambiguity, resort might be had for light upon the meaning of the Canon.

Now, what is a Congregation of the Church? *The Century Dictionary* gives the following definition of "Congregation":

> In modern use, an assemblage of persons for religious worship and instruction; in a restricted sense a number of persons organized or associated as a body for the purpose of holding religious services in common.

Bouvier's *Law Dictionary* defines the word as follows:

> A society of a number of persons who compose an ecclesiastical body . . . In the United States, the members of a particular church who meet in one place to worship.

And *Webster's Dictionary* contains the following definition:

> An assembly of persons; a gathering; especially an assembly of persons met for the worship of God, and for religious instruction; a body of people who habitually so meet.

It would seem clear that the Canons, both 23 and also 21 and 57, which treat respectively "Of Ministers and their Duties," and "Of Parishes and Congregations," use the word "congregation" in the sense of these definitions, *viz:* "a number of persons organized or associated as a body for the purpose of holding religious services in common."

It is officiating in this congregation without evidence that the person so officiating is "duly licensed or ordained to minister in this Church" that is forbidden. The prohibition does not apply to cases where the congregation is not present even though the edifice is used. Nor is it possible to overlook the fact that for years it has been customary to lend church buildings for other than Episcopal Church purposes, and that it has also been customary to invite clergymen other than those episcopally ordained to participate in such services as marriages and funerals, which are not performed in the Congregation but in the presence of the friends of the contracting parties or of the decedent.

We conclude, therefore, that persons not ministers of the Episcopal Church may be permitted to officiate or take part in services in Church edifices in cases where the congregation of the Church, that is, the persons who habitually attend its services and contribute to its support, are not present. Such services would include any for which the Church is lent to others, including marriages, funerals, and others.

The Book of Common Prayer is the book of discipline, doctrine and worship and constitutes a part of the law of the Church. The Preface to the Ordination Service reads in part as follows:

> No man shall be accounted or taken to be a lawful Bishop, Priest, or Deacon, IN THIS CHURCH, or suffered to execute any of the said Functions, except he be called, tried, examined, and admitted thereunto, according to the form thereafter following, or hath had Episcopal Consecration or Ordination.

Here again the functions are those of a minister of the Episcopal Church and the Church referred to is the institution and not the parish build-

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ing. There is nothing in the law of this Church to prohibit a non-episcopal minister from conducting a non-episcopal rite in a building of this communion. The service prohibited at St. George's was to have been a non-episcopal service conducted by a non-episcopal minister, not in "a Congregation" of this Church, that is, the Protestant Episcopal Church, but in an assembly of Christians of many different faiths, and had that service proceeded no law would have been invaded. Apparently, the reasons for the prohibition were first, that the loan of St. George's Church was an evasion; second, that the officiating clergy had not had "Episcopal Consecration or Ordination."

IT MIGHT have been expected that the Bishop's interest in Christian Unity as a member of the Commission on Faith and Order would induce him to place upon the law that construction which in the nature of the case it seems entitled to bear. His categorical prohibition marked an extreme attitude on the question of Christian Unity, against the Protestant communions and for an Ultramontane ideal. Bishop Manning expressed his ideas in the Christian Unity Conference at Lausanne in 1927 as follows:

I venture to add a few words to what Bishop Gore has said in regard to that great Communion, the Roman Catholic Church, which is not represented here.

First, we all deeply regret that the Roman Catholic Church did not feel able to accept the invitation which was extended to her to send representatives to this World Conference.

Secondly, although the Roman Catholic Church has not felt that she could send representatives, we want her to know that our feeling towards her is one of love and fellowship, and that it is our desire to take fully into account her place and her great witness in this world for Christ.

Thirdly, while the Christian Communions, Catholic and Protestant, which are represented here can, and we pray that they may, make true progress towards reunion, we recognize that Christian unity cannot be attained until it includes our brethren of the Roman Catholic Church. What we who are gathered here seek is not a unity of Protestants alone, or of Catholics alone. This might only accentuate differences, and perpetuate divisions. We seek a unity which shall include all Christian communions throughout the world, both Catholic and Protestant, which confess our Lord Jesus Christ as Savior, Lord and God.

CONTRAST with this an official pronouncement of Pope Pius XI in the Encyclical *De Vera Religionis Unitate Fovenda:*

In this one Church of Christ no man can be or remain who does not accept, recognize and obey the authority of Peter and his legitimate successors. . . .

But, all the same, although many non-Catholics may be found who loudly preach fraternal communion in Christ Jesus, yet you will find none at all to whom it occurs to submit to and obey the Vicar of Jesus Christ, either in his capacity as a teacher or as a governor. Meanwhile, they affirm that they would willingly treat with the Church of Rome, but on equal terms, that is as equals with an equal. This being so, it is clear that the Apostolic See can not on any terms take part in their assemblies, nor is it in any way lawful for Catholics either to support or to work for such assemblies, for, if they do, they will be giving countenance to a false Christianity, quite alien to the one Church of Christ.

These two quotations serve to show that nothing can be done for Christian Unity if the attitude expressed by Bishop Manning is maintained. And as Pope Pius XI has made it clear that nothing but absolute surrender to the Holy See

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will be considered by him, the ideal of organic Christian Unity comes to an ignominious end.

Christian Unity must from this time forward seek a new direction. It must leave the Eastern and Roman churches alone, as it seems they wish to be left, and envisage a new prospect and take a new attitude toward nonconformity and Protestantism. Let no one be beguiled by the old specious phrases or by the Anglo-Catholic "mirage," calculated to become a Roman Pope but not a refreshing "Pool."

BE THESE things as they may, the Christian Unity League is spreading rapidly. Most efforts for Christian Unity heretofore coming from the Protestant Episcopal Church have sought two things — the recognition of Rome and the reordination of Protestant ministers. The new effort of Christian Unity will be respect for Rome and the mutual recognition of other Protestant ministers. How curiously, though it must be admitted sincerely, this ecclesiastical temperament feels about Protestant affiliation is revealed in the following episode. At the interview between the Bishop and the Vestry of St. George's Church, he was asked by one of our number, "How would you feel about a clergyman of our Church taking part in a communion service with other Protestant ministers in, say, a Presbyterian Church?" To which the Bishop replied: "I would regard it as unwarranted conduct for a clergyman of our Church to take part in such a service." He went on to say that the late Presiding Bishop had so ruled in a similar case in Baltimore. This position would appear to fix an impassable gulf between ecclesiasticism and the real spirit of the Christian religion.

In conclusion, I shall answer a question frequently put. If the Vestry of St. George's Church believed it was right and had thought its position through, why did it give in to an interpretation of the law it believes to be erroneous and to an authority it knows to be mistaken? The Vestry yielded to the imposition of ecclesiastical authority, but they did not yield the principle involved. They did not feel the actual celebration of a communion service should be made a matter of notorious observation by newspaper reporters who would flock to see who took part in this sacred office. If it had taken place normally and naturally, it would have been an appropriate way in which to bring a conference in Christian Unity to a close; yet it was not so vital as to require St. George's, as a matter of principle, to withstand the Bishop as the titular head of the Diocese.

MOREOVER, we felt that the cause of genuine Christian Unity would lose, not gain, by violence. Had we withstood the Bishop, the emphasis would have been on our disobedience; by yielding to his "godly admonition" the emphasis has been shifted. It is made evident that the Bishop's attitude toward all other Protestant communions is as intransigent as that of the Pope toward the whole body of Protestantism. It is said that one of the best results of the World Conference on Faith and Order at Lausanne was that it brought out clearly the differences

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that exist between the various communions and how impossible it was for them to come together on one definite proposition or to conclude their extended deliberations with the Celebration of the Lord's Supper.

If the Bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church in America are so insistent on the validity of their own orders and the invalidity of non-episcopal orders that they forbid the celebration of a service of the Lord's Supper according to a non-episcopal rite in a church building belonging to an Episcopal parish, it is well to know it. To cry Unity, Unity, when what is meant is Conformity, is misleading and futile.

Lost — $550,000,000

By David M. Figart

At a time when the country's leaders, under President Hoover's wise guidance, are seeking means whereby our industrial system may take up the shock of the recent Wall Street crash and continue "business as usual," one is led to inquire why a rapidly expanding and basic industry like rubber manufacturing should have failed so conspicuously to contribute its share to our national prosperity. It has been estimated that in the eight-year period from 1920 to 1927 the tire industry not only should have paid its owners an additional $200,000,000 in dividends to give a fair return, but that it actually lost $350,000,000 of its capital — a total loss of $550,000,000. Besides this, the American people have been obliged to pay out some hundreds of millions of dollars more than should have been necessary, due primarily to the excessive cost of the raw material on which this industry is based. Furthermore, the rubber companies within the last two years have called up nearly $200,000,000 fresh capital. Rubber manufacturing has in fact become a battle of capital.

American prosperity has been founded upon the high earning power of American industry. Earning power depends upon a supply of raw materials at a price which is fair to both producer and consumer, adequate but not excessive plant equipment, efficient manufacturing and distribution, high compensation and steady employment for workers, and uninterrupted dividends for shareholders. Rarely, if ever, have all these conditions existed simultaneously in the rubber industry. It has been difficult to gauge tire demand and plant capacity for any considerable period in advance; manufacturers have had to contend

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with violent fluctuations in raw material prices, alternating periods of high and low production, inflated inventories, and destructive competition in distribution. But of all their difficulties the greatest has been crude rubber. One of our leading industrial bankers says:

> As a general rule, earnings of an industry increase as volume rises and decrease as volume falls. The rubber industry has been a notable exception. The raw material situation has subjected the industry to hazards from time to time so great that capacity operations and a steadily improving operating efficiency could merely reduce their severity.

It may not be generally appreciated that America uses two-thirds of the world's supply of rubber, but controls less than three per cent. Crude rubber is perhaps the weakest point in our industrial system. In 1926 it headed our imports. On crude rubber depends not only the rubber manufacturing industry, but the great motor car industry, and a large part of the steel industry. The bulk of the products of the oil industry are consumed by motor cars, which run on rubber. Capital to the extent of thirteen billions, and workers — with their families — numbering fourteen millions or more, depend upon a raw material under foreign control.

Most of the world's rubber comes from the Eastern tropics — twelve thousand miles away. While important investments have been made by France, Belgium, Denmark, Japan, Italy and China, plantation rubber is largely controlled by Britain and Holland. English and Dutch traders were plying the Eastern seas before America was a nation. It was an Englishman who brought rubber seeds out of Brazil in 1876, and it was British planters in Ceylon and Malaya who pioneered in rubber-growing while American engineers were developing the automobile.

In emphasizing our dependence upon foreign controlled rubber, the fact that the welfare of the world is based on a fair interchange of commodities between peoples is not overlooked. For every ton of rubber imported from the Eastern colonial possessions of Britain and Holland, we exchange American products of equivalent value.

Foreign control of rubber would not matter were it not for the violent price fluctuations, which are unavoidable, and the uncertainty of supply. Industries such as steel control their own sources of supply. The textile industry has a domestic supply of cotton. Agricultural crops such as cotton are annual, and subject to relatively quick adjustment to demand. The rubber tree takes five or six years before it begins to yield. Thus the raw material problem of the rubber manufacturer is unique.

This insecure foundation upon which the industry has rested has not only been responsible for past losses, but has severely hampered development programmes. In the marvellous physical properties of crude rubber there lie bewildering possibilities. Backed by broad, powerfully-financed research, and with adequate supplies assured at a moderate cost, rubber manufacturing will enter upon a period of expansion unparalleled in its history.

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Edison has judged the problem of rubber of so vital a nature to the United States that he has for years been seeking a domestic source of supply which might be used in an emergency. Three of our major rubber companies have already made extensive investments in plantations, while one motor car manufacturer — realizing the dependence of his own business upon rubber — has embarked upon an independent planting programme. But substantial as have been the investments already made, it is a startling fact that the combined area planted by the American companies amounts to but 150,000 acres, while the United States requires the output of 4,000,000 acres.

This is a sore spot in American business. Instead of having to curtail operations, dismiss labor, and generally disturb an important purchasing power in our community which we can ill afford to lose at this time, our manufacturers should be in a position to plan constructively for the future with the determination that this industry, which has been responsible for so much capital wastage in the past, shall become a source of new and greater wealth to the nation.

The problem is a big one. It requires a sympathetic attitude from our Government. It requires teamwork among our manufacturers. No one of our manufacturers is large enough, or adequately financed, alone to assume the burden for the country. Nor should it be done on essentially national lines. America uses two-thirds of the world's rubber supply; other nations control ninety-seven per cent. Herein is an opportunity to treat rubber as an economic problem — world-wide in its scope — rather than as a national problem. If we can do that, we shall have done much to advance the cause of world peace.

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Who Caused the Panic of 1929?

By H. Parker Willis

A distinguished economist sees the Wall Street crash as a disaster for which responsibility can be definitely fixed and from which the public should learn lasting lessons

The stock market panic of 1929 will always figure in American financial history as an event of first importance. It undoubtedly marks a turning point in our domestic banking situation as well as in our relations with foreign countries. It is also a most regrettable misadventure for a nation which has been presenting itself as a "world market" for capital — a grotesque commentary upon aspirations which might have been fulfilled, but which now must suffer a very serious loss of growth. Concerning the personal side of the crash little need be said. That it has been to many a tragic end of their dreams of fortune is well known; that it has been to others a disappointing collapse of the more modest hope that some cherished object might be provided for or a measure of independence achieved is equally apparent. It has swept away the savings of many persons; and it has certainly transferred large sums of wealth to the few who were in position to profit by the opportunity.

All this warrants a *post mortem*. It is seldom of much use to know who is responsible for a given result when that result was inevitable. Crying over spilt milk does not bring the milk back again. But in this case it is worth while to record, before brief popular memories lose the essential facts in the case, some elements in the situation that must not be suffered to drop out of sight.

This panic was not "inevitable." It was the result of gross carelessness or wanton recklessness. The recording of its causes in frank language may help to prevent the recurrence of a similar situation at too early a date. Perhaps it will assist in the rejection of unfounded explanations and meretricious excuses which would otherwise become traditional. The question of responsibility for the panic of 1929 is worthy of discussion, both from a practical and political, and from a financial, point of view.

Looking at the matter in its broadest aspects we may say with reasonable assurance that the panic of 1929 was not, in the sense in which

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the word is ordinarily used, an economic disaster or industrial crisis. Probably it is never true that such collapses come in any one department of human activity alone. Finance and business are always closely intertwined. They do, however, exhibit their characteristics chiefly on one or the other side of things and are described accordingly. In this case, there is little disagreement with the view that the collapse of October was essentially the result of unsatisfactory conditions in banking and in financial management.

President Hoover hastened to tell the country when the first bad news was out, that the industrial machinery of the nation was sound and that its business structure was unimpaired. Although he did not state it in so many words, it was evidently his view that the causes of the panic, whatever they may have been, were to be found elsewhere than in business and industry. That they were of an almost exclusively financial character so far as that is possible has been the opinion of many, and that banking management had much to do with the position assumed by American finance is an idea likewise positively entertained by numerous others. But just what does this predominantly financial and banking character of the panic signify?

IT INDICATES, first of all, the necessity of going some distance back in the history of the United States in the search for the causes which combined to bring about the crash of 1929. After the panic of 1920 had passed its peak, several years were necessarily devoted to clearing up the wreckage it had left behind. This wreckage was represented by several thousand bank failures, chiefly in the West and Middle West, and by concurrent business failures which increased in a remarkable degree. The readjustment of the value of land, which had assumed a fabulously high figure during the war, and was a phase of the immediate post-war experience, was likewise unavoidable.

FROM 1920 to 1925, the elimination of the large stocks of goods which had been hoarded during the war, their disposal at reasonable prices, the revaluation of land, and the adjustment of relationships growing out of the thousands of bank failures which had developed, were the principal features of American finance. The banks had been sobered. They had learned a severe lesson — not to over lend upon, or encourage speculation in, commodities or land. Commodity loans had been the bane of the Eastern banks, land loans the great source of evil in the West, but in neither region had there been any very serious tendency to over speculation in securities. Advances in stocks, where they occurred, appeared to be the result of a new productiveness and new organization of American business, and the great loans that were in process of being made to foreign countries, whether wise or unwise, in many cases represented at least a disposition to aid others in resuming a sound economic position and a willingness to provide a means whereby some of the nation's excess gold could be restored to nations that greatly needed it.

After the year 1925 the United States was in position to determine its own future, financially speaking,

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in a way that had not previously been known. Its prestige had been somewhat shaken by the panic of 1920, and the Federal Reserve System was rightly thought to have been considerably at fault. This, however, had been largely a domestic matter, and the European nations still frankly looked to this country as the source both of specie with which to restore their banking systems, and for capital to reëstablish their industries. Many of them were endeavoring to get back to a gold basis, and they necessarily expected a great deal of coöperation from the United States. American bankers and investment houses, too, were making enormous profits from their relations with European borrowers. They wanted this condition to go on, and their position as bankers for other countries to be continued and increased. There seemed no limit either to our usefulness or our profit.

IT WAS in such a situation that the unhappy idea of an international tinkering with interest and discount rates was projected. Negotiations between the Bank of England and the Federal Reserve System, apparently never officially authorized, certainly never officially admitted, developed into the scheme, now well known and recognized, for the maintenance of what is popularly called "easy money" or preferably "easy credit" — low rates of interest and discount — in the New York market. This scheme, at first pursued by indirect and surreptitious methods, gradually came to require more and more positive support, until about three years ago it culminated in an effort to force Federal Reserve rates down to an abnormally low level throughout the United States, nominally in order that there might be no disposition to draw funds to this country from Europe. The Federal Reserve Board at Washington allowed itself to be dragooned into ordering Federal Reserve banks which did not wish to reduce their rates to do so, and the low-rate-and-easy-money philosophy gained ground tremendously. Criticisms and protests were dubbed unpatriotic and plenty of legal reasons were adduced to show that Reserve banks had no rights of their own in regard to the fixing of discount rates, but could always be dictated to by the Board at Washington. We need not, fortunately, feel much doubt either as to the facts in the case or the responsibility for them. Most of the major factors have been brought out piecemeal, in the hearings of the past two years or more before the Banking and Currency Committee of the House of Representatives, though the full story was suppressed at the request of some of the authorities.

THE first fruits of this artificial low rate policy were speedily seen in a quickened activity on the New York Stock Exchange. During the year 1925, shares to the number of 452,000,000 had been traded in, and during 1926 as many as 449,000,000 shares, but during 1927 the tide mounted to 577,000,000 shares which were bought and sold. This led up to the record year of 1928 in which over 920,000,000 shares changed hands. By the end of 1927, the stock market was moving at tremendously high speed, and very fundamental changes, both in banking and in

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methods of business financing, were occurring. Loans to brokers had risen to heights then unprecedented, and the Reserve System was supplying an unduly large volume of credit for speculative uses. The danger was clearly enough perceived; the policy was deplored by many officers of Reserve banks; and one of the latter half-unintentionally expressed the situation in a public address by saying that it had been necessary to reduce rates of discount at Reserve banks in order to make business good in England.

But business was not very good in England, and ironically enough the great profits that were being made as a result of rising rates of interest in New York were tempting more and more persons both in England and on the Continent to borrow, in order that they too might share in the golden stream which poured from the stock exchanges of this country. Interest rates rose further. They lost all connection with any ordinary guides or tests and during 1928 they often advanced to 15 or 16 per cent for call money. Large sums were attracted from the European markets, being sent in by banks which desired to take advantage of the high rates of interest here prevailing, while foreign investors themselves scraped together what they could and placed it on the stock market. As a result the easy money policy which at first had been designed to keep European capital at home, brought it about that this capital was more rapidly transferred to the United States. It was estimated in the summer of 1929 that sums, even exceeding the vast amounts we had lately loaned abroad, had been sent back here for the purpose of relending or reinvesting in the American market. For the time being, we thus practically cancelled the advances we had made to European countries and we speeded up more and more from day to day the steadily rising prices on the Stock Exchange.

None of this had escaped the attention of those who believed in the international duty of our banking system. In strong language the danger had been called to the attention of the Reserve System and of Congress. Nevertheless the Governor of the Reserve Board did not hesitate to tell the Senate Committee on Banking and Currency when he appeared before that body in the winter of 1928, that he had no reason to believe Stock Exchange loans were too high. He believed also that they were amply well protected. He repeated this same statement at intervals in public places during the year 1928. Other members of the Federal Reserve Board used similar expressions. Both the Governor and the Board permitted and encouraged the continuance of speculation both by word and by act — by keeping rates too low and by assuring the public that there was no danger.

Thus our Federal Reserve System both at Washington and in the several Reserve Banks was fundamentally and primarily a cause of the panic of 1929 by permitting the use of banking funds in an unduly large degree and without adequate protection, in promoting speculation, notwithstanding such action was directly contrary to law.

The government of a country is ordinarily thought of as in many

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ways responsible for the direction taken by large questions of public financial policy and control. This was conspicuously true during and after the war, when Governmental authorities at Washington almost unavoidably had been compelled to take control of the financial mechanism and to direct it for the purpose of facilitating the Government's great borrowing enterprises. The close of the war found the Federal Reserve banks deeply involved with the public debt. They had close to $1,600,000,000 either owned or carried as the basis of loans, while the reporting member banks were the owners of some $2,360,000,000 more of bonds and certificates; a figure which meant for the whole country some $6,000,000,000 as a total. Loans on war obligations were $3,000,000,000 more; in all, two-fifths of the volume of our outstanding bonds and certificates.

EXPERIENCE shows how dangerous it is for banks which carry demand deposits to have their resources to any great extent in bonds. It was, therefore, the effort of the Treasury Department as well as of our banking authorities during the years 1920–21 to drive this great volume of bonds out of the banks and into the hands of the public. By the end of 1921 two-thirds of the securities they held had thus been driven out of Reserve banks and one-half out of member banks. But in 1922 under a new national Administration a reactionary policy was introduced. It was now sought to have the banks carry as much of the debt as possible; and as the "Liberty" obligations which had been issued during the war matured, they were instead of being funded into long period securities and sold to investors, converted into other short term obligations and then sold to banks. By the end of 1928, the banks had much more of these obligations than they owned when the war was at its worst. Banks were induced both to buy Treasury obligations and to carry them as largely as possible in their portfolios. During the war an unwise amendment to the Federal Reserve Act permitted the banks to borrow practically as largely as they liked at Reserve banks upon their own direct notes with Government obligations as collateral. The banks now began to purchase and hold these obligations in great quantities, and as discount rates at Reserve banks were reduced, it became more profitable to borrow at these institutions, since the Government collateral often had a higher yield than that which had to be paid on the borrowings of the banks which rested upon this collateral.

SECRETARY MELLON tended more and more to favor and adopt this practice of hand-to-mouth financing. Great issues of indebtedness were maturing several times a year, and they were immediately refunded into other issues of certificates which were sold to the banks. The result soon came to be a basic change in the assets of these institutions. There had been, as admitted by all observers private or public, a gradual decline in the amount of commercial paper carried by the members of the Federal Reserve System, and an increase in the aggregate of bonds, certificates, and other investment paper which had taken its place. Just as the Western banks had tended to

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become "frozen" before 1920, through their immense loans upon lands, much of which finally passed into the ownership of the banks themselves through foreclosure, so the Eastern banks began to be more and more overburdened with securities which they had either bought or taken in satisfaction of debts; and with loans on securities which, although nominally liquid, could in fact never be disposed of without "breaking the market" by compelling the borrower to sell his collateral.

THE Treasury Department, refused to recognize all these dangers, and persevered in its practice of placing the Government debt in the hands of banks. Reserve banks, too, gradually assumed the duty of "making a market" for Government obligations by buying them in when they were not in demand and reselling them when circumstances permitted. They tended to become stock market banks. The member banks had thus become great operators in corporate securities — and the Reserve banks to a very large degree in Government securities. It was an unsafe, hazardous situation, one primarily responsible for the unliquid conditions which have come to exist in many banks and which today constitute the greatest obstacle perhaps to the restoration of financial soundness.

The Treasury Department, headed by Secretary Mellon, was thus, along with the Federal Reserve System, a primary factor in bringing on the panic of 1929.

The conditions which are established by bankers or by Government officers do not produce their results automatically; they must be taken advantage of by the public before their effects are apparent. Due to easy money and over ready advances by the banks on securities, the public had begun to develop an astonishing appetite for speculation. This appetite was fully apparent in 1926–27 and earlier. The process of feeding it had already proved profitable. Many business houses were finding it easy to get their capital funds by floating securities in New York instead of by borrowing from their banks as they had in the past, and repaying when the immediate need was over. They were over borrowing in the stock market by selling more stocks and securities of various kinds than they needed to issue. Thus they became possessed of great surpluses of cash which they proceeded to lend in the call loan market. They were the "others" of which so much has been said in talking of "brokers' loans."

And in order to supply the material upon which speculation might act and might appease itself, investment houses of all classes had begun to manufacture "new issues." The bakery industry was fully organized and capitalized, the laundry trade found it easy to get capital. Bootblacking became a well incorporated industry. The butcher and the candlestick maker had long ago had recourse to the speculative market for cash and they now redoubled their applications. Stocks of all sorts and descriptions, good, bad and indifferent, made their appearance.

WHO was to buy them? As long as there were savings available they were naturally used in paying for these purchases, but when they

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were exhausted the public obviously turned to the banks, which supplied the funds with which to purchase the issues which they and their friends were fast producing. Of course the banks required a "substantial margin." But they were ready to lend; for only in this way and by their aid could the demand for stocks be maintained and the affiliated enterprises — the concerns operated and officered by bank directors, bank officers and bank stock owners—be fully supplied with buyers for their new issues.

For generations past it has been expected of our bankers that they should exert themselves to restrain hasty or flighty investors, and that they should inculcate the advantages of saving as against speculation. Yet within the past two years it has been indisputably true that this whole range of maxims has been abandoned by our banking community. Through their establishment of affiliated financing companies, they have put themselves into a position as issuers of stocks. Investment trusts, shares in affiliates or associates, and similar securities of all kinds, have poured forth from the banks, while many more have been issued by "groups" which were practically bankers and banking houses in another form. Trust companies have taken up the investment trust business, and in order to further it have allowed themselves to undertake speculative operations of many kinds.

Not only are these facts undeniable, but in addition to them, as already seen, there has been the serious criticism upon the banks themselves in their own corporate capacities that they have allowed their assets to become "frozen." It was three years ago that the Federal Reserve Board remarked this change in the portfolios of the banks and called attention to it in an annual report which was noteworthy in the paragraphs on that subject if in no others. The Board has continued to call attention to the same situation in successive yearly reports, yet the trend away from sound commercial paper, and into security loans has grown steadily stronger and stronger. There are many banks throughout the country, the assets of which are almost entirely in the form of bonds, loans on securities, real estate securities, or call loans. The local business man often finds it difficult to borrow from the banks except on the basis of some kind of collateral security which he may happen to have in hand.

This situation might be palliated or forgiven were it not for the fact that many of our bankers have exerted themselves to the utmost to make the ultimate reserves of the country held by Federal Reserve Banks subordinate to their will. Not only have they not objected to the practice of Reserve Banks already sketched in making a market for Government securities; they have sanctioned, and even demanded, its continuance, and they have, moreover, given their approval both tacitly and through their own practice to the habit of borrowing from Reserve Banks on their own direct notes, protected by eligible paper, which usually meant Government securities, in order to get funds for relending to customers for use in the stock market. In this way they have

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sought to place not only their own funds, available for ordinary banking purposes, but also the ultimate reserves of the country, in the hands of the stock jobbing, stock issuing, stock manipulating and margin speculating community.

WHEN we add to this general survey the fact that financing companies affiliated with banks and owned by the same stockholders, not content with bringing out new issues, some of which have had anything but a solid basis, have also allowed themselves to begin the distribution of common stocks, accumulating them by purchase in the market, then working them up to a higher level, then recommending them to their customers, and then distributing them, with assurances that "they would hold their value," it becomes plain how widely our bankers of the present day have departed from the principles and practices of banking as it has been known in past years. Practically every maxim of sound banking formerly known has been disregarded, the whole effort being to build up an immense structure of paper profit, which might be cashed, as opportunity offered in some tangible form, while the community was left to "hold the bag."

This places a very heavy responsibility upon the banks of the country in their rôle as conservators of the public interest and as promoters of thrift. Many have beyond all question been deeply guilty, and their only excuse is the lame one, that it had been supposed that a New Era had dawned. It has taken but a little while to show that they have been fundamentally mistaken in any such supposition, and that the new era which they had hailed is, in poetic language, "that new world which is the old." The principles of sound banking and of correct management of finance have not altered in the slightest — a fact which present conditions are demonstrating although at a very high cost. *The banks and the investment houses have thus been fundamentally responsible for the panic of 1929.*

WHO is to pay the cost of this tremendous breakdown of credit? There can be no doubt that someone must do so. True, the forms of cost that are ordinarily thought of in that connection are largely imaginary. It is possible to say that the stock list shrank from one hundred billions of dollars in value to sixty billions, a loss of forty billions during the panic, but all such comparisons are little better than valueless. There has been no such shrinkage, because there never were any such values as those nominally registered by quotations prior to the panic. The "wealth" indicated by the figures on the exchange was imaginary; as is sufficiently demonstrated by the fact that had even a very small fraction of the shares been offered for sale, such sales would, themselves, have brought about a recession. But the real costs involved in this crash are great though they are not to be measured in terms of money. The panic has been tremendously expensive.

It has, first of all, immensely reduced if not largely destroyed, the financial prestige of the United States abroad. The fact that any such mismanagement of our banking

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system and of our entire investment structure could have occurred, must necessarily lessen in very marked degree the confidence, whatever it was, that Europeans felt in our business, our officials and our system of banking and finance. The position to which we ambitiously aspired as world bankers can not now be ours. We must earn it and deserve it if we expect to fill it. No doubt those who need money will be glad to borrow here and will do so, but the participation of American finance in the management of European enterprise — the transfer of the primacy in international dealings to New York — must now be regarded as definitely out of the question for many years to come.

ALONG with this loss of prestige in our foreign relations we must undoubtedly reconcile ourselves to a similar lack of confidence in domestic affairs. The great structure of speculation and of lending which had been built up before the panic was something more than fortuitous, and represented a new kind of dependence upon the investment banking mechanism of the country. In some ways this change of method from reliance on commercial to reliance upon investment ways of approach to the market had its beneficial aspects, but whatever they were they can now be expected largely to disappear for the time. The corporation which felt that it had found a sort of philosopher's stone for use in raising capital through the stock market, will change its mind and the resulting loss or lack of profit visited upon many investment banking houses, as well as the resulting retardation of certain kinds of financial growth and progress must be obvious.

These shocks to confidence and this discrediting of new financial method are serious, but they are not susceptible of very close or accurate appraisal. The business results of the collapse will, however, prove perfectly tangible. We have already had a serious shrinkage of opportunities in several different and important lines of trade and it must be expected that this will extend still further.

PRESIDENT HOOVER has been quite right in asserting the essential underlying soundness of the business structure, but neither he nor anyone else can deny that that soundness is dependent upon the smooth and effective working of the financial and investment mechanism of the country. The mere fact that business had been active during the past twelve months indicates nothing with reference to the movement of business during the coming year. Inevitably the closing of expected avenues for the getting of capital must change the plans of many businesses very materially. The rate of failures among our banks and our business houses has been very high for the past five years. We must expect it now to be higher still. The panic of 1920 brought in its wake thousands of bank failures, and the panic of 1929 may be somewhat similar, though let us hope not so severe in its effects upon those banks that have been burdened with frozen security loans. Their experience must somewhat parallel the experience of Western banks which had become involved in frozen loans upon land and goods. These comparisons do not ex-

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hibit themselves instantaneously, for time is required for their development. We can not, however, doubt for a moment that in due course of time American business must pay the bill entailed by the stock market debauch and the mismanagement of our banking system during the past few years.

All this says nothing of the effect of the collapse upon individuals; the sweeping away of savings, the crippling of many commercial undertakings and the great modification of the financial plans of others. As yet there is but little conception on the part of anyone of the vast extent and of the deeply rooted character of the speculation which had been eating into American life since 1925, fostered and encouraged as it was by our banking leaders, our politicians and our financiers. It was a disastrous influence upon the individual existence of a large fraction of American citizens and its elimination is in some ways an offset for the tremendous material losses and costs involved by the collapse. But this elimination has been made unnecessarily expensive and has meant ruin in a good many cases where it might have meant only inconvenience and suffering on a limited scale, had correctives been applied at some time during the past year or so. If a major operation must be performed, the patient must be prepared for it. It is never well that such an operation should be undertaken unless there is at least a chance of his recovery. Many of those who have been "wiped out" in the disaster will never recover the position as property owners which they had before they attempted to enter the market. Many others will recover only partly and incompletely. This situation suggests the cost of the panic to the individual.

The breakdown of 1929 was as nearly the result of wilful mismanagement and violation of every principle of sound finance as such an occurrence ever has been. It was the outcome of vulgar grasping for gain at the cost of the community. It has been a national disgrace and a source of untold national and individual loss. In paying the bill entailed by it, the American people should think seriously about how they can best avoid running up another.

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Homing

By Walter Havighurst

A Tale of the Alaskan Trade

Nells Rowley was going home. He sprawled out on a bench in the shipping hall at Seattle, gazing dully across the littered floor. A score of seamen lounged about the room, some talking, some reading, some gazing like Nells Rowley with dull spent eyes at the grimy walls. Glutted with a week's debauch ashore and penniless after a voyage's earnings had gone over the counters and into the waiting hands along the skid-road, their eyes were hungry for the familiar world of gray waters, for cold sea-dawns and nights of stars.

But Nells Rowley looked with narrowed eyes at another image on the stained and spotted floor. He saw a winding seafront street in an Alaskan village, and a weathered house at the turning. He thought of it at night — strange how its lamplight against the darkness had lingered in his memory. He could see it now, a lighted window at the end of a dark street, more comforting than a hunter's fire in the midst of lonely winter lands.

The shipping master appeared from an inner office and stood behind his desk. Every man in the room looked up expectantly. "Three A.B.'s on the *Robin Grey* for Honolulu," he called. There was a rush toward the counter and many hands thrust discharge books across the desk. But Nells Rowley sat unmoving, his eyes fixed on the stained and spattered cuspidor that rose above a mound of burned matches and yellow cigarette ends. There had been times enough when he would rush for a job to the south. April in Honolulu. A pleasant thought. To leave the nasty Northern drizzle and the lingering rains. Six weeks of golden sunshine with the dark-eyed girls of Honolulu to offer spice. A pleasant thought. But still Nells Rowley sat unmoving. He was going home.

The room was quiet again after three scowling sailors had swung out of the door with assignment cards thrust into their dungarees. Nells idly rolled a cigarette. He leaned back in his bench and exhaled blue clouds of smoke into the thick, breath-heated air. Tossing the cigarette with faultless aim into the dripping cuspidor, he took a small notebook from his pocket and began idly to thumb the pages. He passed over some loose papers, an

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I.W.W. card, a certificate of assignment to a logging camp, three obscene photographs on which the white flesh gleamed luridly out of the collection of worn papers. He thumbed through some names and notations, and fell to studying a page of dates. July 19 to September 12, Horse Creek, Montana. He could see now those swinging fields of wheat, miles and miles of golden grain, a sea of it with the wind moving across the shimmering surface in long and sinuous waves. Wheat from the endless Eastern prairies in an unbroken sea to the very slopes of the dark and purple mountains where the clouds gathered in the violet dawns. May 21, Leadville — Silver Plume. He remembered that high trail over the Divide, the winter's snow not yet gone from the gulches and he freezing all one night before he came down into that steep valley with its worn-out gold mines. November 9, Saginaw. A road-building outfit in northern Michigan, the winds whipping off Lake Huron and the gray waves tossing in a storm of snow. February 12, Bayou Chalmette. Warm weather there, and long days cutting cypress trees in those steaming Louisiana swamp lands.

He closed the pages and looked again across the littered room. Through the varied scenes of logging huts, harvest camps, ships' foc's'les, and construction quarters there came the image of a weathered house at the turning of a darkened street, its lamplight glowing in the midst of a winter land. Nells Rowley was going home.

It was six years since he had left the weathered house in Ketchikan. Then, as a youth of twelve, he had stolen one night aboard the *Admiral Dewey*, asked for a job as cabin boy, and come to Seattle. In the years that followed he had engaged in a score of occupations, harvesting, logging, road-making, mining, ranching, sailing. Last of all he had been working on a construction job near Cœur d'Alene. There, while a three days' snow kept the men in their quarters, he had decided to go home. He could get free transportation to Seattle with a lumber outfit, and from there it would be easy to strike north to Ketchikan.

Nells looked at the worn notebook in his hand. A list of small entries, dates of toil, notations of pay days in labor camps, distances between towns and cities, a few papers and pictures. Here was the heritage of six years, all that was left him after a youth of wandering and toil. He slipped the notebook into his pocket and rolled another cigarette. It was good to be going home.

The shipping master appeared in the door. Nells sat up intently. "Two A.B.'s for the *Spokane*, towing to Buckley Bay." With three steps Nells reached the counter and presented his seaman's certificate. After eleven days of waiting here was a passage past Ketchikan.

For three days Nells worked on the *Spokane*, a rotting four-masted schooner that had lain in disuse for fifteen years before the Sudden and Christenson Line took her over to tow northward for fir. Four seamen made up the abbreviated crew; for seamen with a cook and a captain comprised the vessel's list. Rest-

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lessly, Nells put in those days of waiting. Ten hours working in the hold, cleaning out dunnage from the last voyage, calking the gaping seams in the hull, overhauling the martingale, renewing the loading gear. In the evenings he sat on the foc's'le head with his shipmates: Gibbs, a homesteader who had been burned out by forest fires in the Peace River country; Swenson, a Puget Sound roustabout; and Wallace, a loud-speaking Irishman who was to run the donkey engine at Buckley Bay.

Too penniless to spend the nights ashore, they all sat on the foc's'le head and talked of a variety of things. Nells said little, but gazed at the lights of Seattle as they swam through the April mists over the seven hills. In his mind was the image of a lamp-lit window burning under the sombre shadows of the fir-clad Alaskan range.

FOUR short, sharp blasts, a long hawser stretching and straining, a tremor of movement passing through the tall-masted schooner. Nells's heart gave a leap as the tug boat, a deep-draughted little water bug with a mighty cloud of black smoke belching from her funnel, slowly eased the *Spokane* from her dock. He stood at the wheel, taking her out, and felt that he was turning into his own sea-lane as they swung into the Sound. The captain came over from the stern rail. "Steer for that point of land beyond the Island."

"Yes, sir," said Nells. But he steered for a lamp-lit window at the curving of a darkened Alaskan street.

For eight days the *Spokane* towed slowly through the intricate channel into the north. Like a lordly river with soaring mountain shores it was between Vancouver Island and the rugged wall of British Columbia. In the April thaws the snow fields were receding to the high slopes of the mountains. Countless waterfalls trailed down the precipitous sides, threads of lace shining through the dark steep forests of fir, and plunged with a never-ending roar into the channel. Then beyond the narrows lay the open waters of Queen Charlotte Sound and Dixon Entrance, places where the mountains fade from sight and the swell of the sea comes in.

There was little to do on the *Spokane* but stand wheel-watches. Four hours off and four hours on, with the varied shores drifting by almost imperceptibly. Standing at the wheel or leaning on the foc's'le rail, Nells watched the mountains take on the aspects of the North. Thick-growing forests, torrents of water plunging out of the valleys, a trading camp or a tiny Siwash village lying between the steep, dark forests and the sullen sea. After six years the country came back to him with a peculiar familiarity, so that the scenes of Southern toil paled in his mind like a memory long past and all but forgotten.

ONE mild evening as the lingering dusk of the Northern night settled over the rugged mainland, Nells stood at the wheel with Gibbs. The Cape Shakkan light flashed in the distance, twice red and once white, like a rocket bursting slowly above the sea. Four bells sounded from the marine clock in the cabin. "Nights

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are gettin' shorter up here," observed Gibbs, "like it is above Edmonton and Peace River."

"Yes," agreed Nells, "even in spring the light lasts till near ten o'clock."

"The old man says we'll be in the Bay day after tomorrow." Gibbs gave the wheel a half-turn as the schooner felt the twist of the tide. "It ain't so far up as I thought. I'd heard it was above Skagway."

"No," said Nells, "Buckley's only a short run above Ketchikan. We'll be passin' Ketchikan before morning."

"You know Ketchikan?"

"YES, I know it. It's my home." Nells spoke with enthusiasm. "Or it was my home," he added. "I ain't been there for six years."

"You been runnin' up here on these schooners?"

"No, I ain't been in these schooners. I never been to Buckley Bay. I ain't even been to Seattle for five years." Nells struck a match and lit a cigarette. He breathed a cloud of smoke into the night air and turned again to his companion. "This here schooner's my first and my last. I tell you, Jack, I'm leavin' this hooker at Buckley. I come up here to get to Ketchikan. I'm goin' home. Quittin' at Buckley and strikin' down the coast."

Gibbs puffed at his pipe. "You're jumpin' her at Buckley Bay?"

"That's what. I was goin' to make a try for shore when we went by Ketchikan. Ships pass close to town, not a mile off. I thought if it was at night I could lower a boat and row for it, but that damned tackle is so fouled you couldn't lower the boat without an axe." He turned and regarded the life-boat swung in the davits over the stern rail. "Well," he concluded, "I'll get down the coast from Buckley. It's damned glad I'll be to see Ketchikan, too. I had enough of beatin' it from one lousy outfit to the next. When I get my feet under my old man's table again, I'll have sense enough to keep 'em there."

"Looks like we'll be short-handed goin' down," said Gibbs.

"No need for bein' short-handed. The company's savin' my pay, that's all. There'll be plenty of sawmill hands at Buckley that'll be glad for a passage to Seattle. No trouble takin' on a sailor to go down the coast." Nells flipped his cigarette over the rail. "Well, I better be goin' along and get up them ridin' lights before the old man comes up and throws a fit. You'd think he was runnin' a liner." He whistled a bar and strode off toward the foc's'le head.

YET Nells Rowley did not leave the *Spokane* at Buckley Bay. He stole ashore the first night, with his bulging barracks bag on his shoulder. But it was only three hours later when he returned to throw the bag on his recently vacated bunk and indulge himself in a rueful stream of curses. Gibbs had been sitting alone in the foc's'le smoking moodily. He looked up at Nells. "What's trouble? You not leavin' here?"

"By God, does it look like I'm leavin'?" asked Nells. "There's no way of gettin' out of this damned hole?"

"What damned hole?"

"This bleedin' Buckley Bay. There's no way out. It's only a

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scurvy cursed sawmill camp. There's no roads into the country, and no ships put in here, only these blasted schooners."

"Then you can't get down to Ketchikan?" Gibbs calmly puffed at his pipe.

"No, I can't, without I go back on this scurvy hooker and swim ashore. And that, by God, is what I'm goin' to do."

Two weeks of loading lumber was a maddening eternity to Nells. All day the donkey engine puffed and steamed, the gaff swung over the side of the schooner, the tackle creaked and groaned while a sling of yellow fir came dangling through the air to be deposited in the *Spokane's* hold. There the moody Siwash Indians slowly stacked it piece by piece, until the hatches were slid over a full hold of lumber. Then began the even slower process of building up a deck-load. The gaff swinging back and forth depositing piles of fresh cut timbers, the smoky Siwash workmen calmly piling it along the deck. Six, eight, ten feet high the deck-load grew, until the cabin and foc's'le were hidden under that high cargo of yellow boards. At last chains were tightened and clamped over the deck, the tug blew four shrill blasts that trailed away to the snow-streaked mountains of the North, and the *Spokane* slipped through the narrows into the open sea.

The second evening as the cook was giving his last attentions to the supper pots on the galley stove, Nells stood with Gibbs at the forward rail watching a rounded mountain on the mainland. Nells turned to his companion. "See where the stream curves around that low mountain? Just around the bend is Ketchikan. I better be gettin' ready."

He disappeared into the foc's'le and soon emerged with his barracks bag tied into a small and compact kit. "I left some gear in my bunk. Too heavy to take along. Any of its yours if you want it." He looked ahead at the slowly approaching hill. "Tide's high. That's lucky, 'cause there's a tide rip here, and ships goin' down stream always keep in shore." The tug, five hundred feet ahead of them, was already pointing in toward the mainland. "See," Nells indicated the stoutly-puffing boat, "we're already headin' in. We'll pass close by, maybe a fifth of a mile from shore. I can swim it easy. And you throw the bag after me. I'll pull it ashore."

Behind them the galley door banged and the cook emerged, carrying a laden tray. "Cook's goin' aft with the old man's supper," continued Nells. "That'll keep him out of the way."

He took off his canvas lumberman's jacket, unlaced his shoes, and stood there shivering in bare feet and a flannel shirt. "Wish I could swim with shoes on," he said.

Gibbs watched in silence. "I'll heave the bag after you," he said shortly.

Nells put a hand on the foremast shroud and leaped to the rail. The *Spokane* was swinging around the bend and the buildings of a waterfront village moved by on the adjacent shore. The houses stood chiefly on one winding street that faced the sea. Stores and dwellings on the water side rested on high stilt-like

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piles, which raised them above the swiftly moving tide. Beyond the village rose a frowning mountain of fir forest, its summit streaked with the winter's snow.

Nells stood gazing at the town. Here, near the upper end, the buildings on the seaward side gave way to reveal a weathered house at a turning of the seafront street. In the windows, though the long Northern evening was far from spent, shone a cheery lamplight deepening the grayness all around. Nells was lost in remembrance. "I'll heave the bag after you." Gibbs' voice came to him as a grim reminder, a cruel jerk back into actuality. "You better be goin'. This tide's damned swift."

NELLS looked down at the gray and sullen waters. The tide was running fast, with cross currents that circled and eddied about the *Spokane's* bow. He looked again at the village, slowly slipping by. "How far d'you make it, Jack?" He turned uncertainly to Gibbs.

"Oh, it ain't far. But that damned tide'll carry you past the town if you don't make a start."

Nells looked back at the swift dark waters. "It's always bad tide here. One of the worst tide rips on the coast, in these narrows." He rubbed one bare foot against a trouser leg and shivered. "That water looks cold, Jack. Snow's melting in it all along — colder'n ice."

A door banged behind them and Wallace appeared from the foc's'le. "What the hell you doin' there?" he demanded. "Playin' *September Morn?* Come along an' get your chow. Cook's got a mess o' duff. Plum duff to tickle your belly."

Gibbs stood looking at Nells, the tightly-rolled barracks bag in his hand. Nells peered at the water. He looked back at Gibbs. "Plum duff, d'he say? Hi, Bill, plum duff, is that?"

"Aye, plum duff. A whole stewpan full."

Nells jumped down to the deck, slipped on his socks, thrust his feet into his shoes and said, "Plum duff. You hear that, Jack? Let's get after that plum duff."

TWO weeks later Nells Rowley sat in the shipping hall at Seattle. He gazed dully across the littered room and blew great breaths of smoke into the hazy air. The shipping master appeared from his inner office. "Two A.B.'s and three Ordinaries on the *Victoria* bound for Ketchikan, Wrangel and Skagway." Nells looked up idly, but sat motionless as a dozen men surged toward the desk. As they received their assignment cards and filed out of the door he tossed his yellow cigarette end into the spattered cuspidor and fell to reading a crumpled newspaper at his side.

An hour later the shipping master appeared again. "One A.B. in the *Kennebec* for Buenos Aires." In one movement Nells was across the room. He presented his seaman's card and was given the assignment. As he turned to leave the hall, a surly Swedish sailor stopped him. "You know that *Kennebec?*" he asked.

"No," said Nells. "What about her?"

"She's a hungry ship and a hell hole. She's a bad billet, son."

"It's nothin' to me," said Nells. "I'm tired of these parts, and she'll take me away."

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The Tide of the Times

By Kenneth Wilcox Payne

Caveat Emptor

Except possibly in the State of Kansas (from which we still await authoritative information),* the enforcement of Prohibition remains America's most sensational failure.

The plans for celebrating on January 16 the tenth anniversary of the experiment were marred by another outburst of dissension over ways and means of making the law effective. The sole point on which Wets and Drys continue to agree is that it is not effective now.

Under the circumstances, the soft pedalling of Senator Sheppard's drastically logical project for real enforcement is strange. Senator Sheppard would make the purchaser of illegal beverages equally guilty with the seller. Certainly to punish each man who buys a drink is not only called for by the intent of the Eighteenth Amendment, but should prove a most effective way of frightening the drinking public into behavior satisfactory to the Anti-Saloon League.

If, for the practical purpose of securing convictions, anybody is to be exempt from prosecution, why should it not be the seller of liquor? The latter, being of the less scrupulous class, would most readily betray the other party to the sale; and the Government's Prohibition agents, instead of buying liquor and then convicting the bootleggers and speakeasy waiters with whom they dealt, might peddle booze and then convict their patrons, the ultimate consumers.

Now the sole purpose of Prohibition is to prevent the ultimate consumption of liquor, and not its sale or transportation; the only important or final guilt is that of the drinkers who, in the words of the Board of Temperance of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, are "enemies of the home, the school, the Church and the State." Or, as Fred A. Victor, Associate Superintendent of the New York Anti-Saloon League, puts it, "they are men and women who trample public good for desires wholly bad."

The gratification, by enemies of

* *Note:* — Governor Clyde M. Reed of Kansas has not yet replied to our request for a statement of the facts of enforcement in his State. It will be remembered that, publicly objecting to the appearance of Jay House's article in our November issue, Governor Reed declared conditions of wetness in Kansas to have been malignantly misrepresented by Jay House and other writers; and that we requested from the Governor an accurate statement of the true relative aridity in the Sunflower State.

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the State, of desires "wholly bad" deserves no judicial or legislative leniency. Unless, then, the lobbying Prohibitionists and Administration Drys are secretly in doubt of their own cause, they can not in reason fail to insist that the buyers of liquor should be ruthlessly prosecuted, and that their punishment should be even more severe than that meted out to the sellers.

If there is anything wrong with the logic, ethics or feasibility of this proposal, there must be something sadly wrong with the logic, ethics or feasibility of Prohibition.

Criminals in the Making

ON THE still larger problem of control of crime in general, a small but significant ray of light was cast recently when a New York policeman captured, with gun play, three youths robbing a store. One of the trio was a backward sixteen-year-old in whom his high school principal had detected, *eight months before*, unmistakable signs of criminality. The principal, at that earlier date, had asked, "Must society wait until he commits robbery or murder before it acts? Cannot something be done now to prevent the inevitable anti-social behavior on the part of this boy?" Society waited, as it usually does, until too late.

The universal judgment of children's court officials is that the potential criminal can be very frequently detected during his public school years. The task calls for the services of highly competent teachers and trained psychiatrists in the schools. Yet, while we build million dollar school buildings and boast of their physical equipment, we permit them to be run by underpaid, overworked and inadequately trained personnel.

The criminals of the United States commit an average of more than thirty murders and sixteen hundred burglaries and hold-ups every day. We have ready to hand in our public schools a system well suited to the early detection of many unfortunate youngsters who will soon be adding their deeds to this appalling total of crime.

To put into operation through the schools known methods for preventive treatment of the pre-delinquent child would not only be a practical measure for reducing crime, but would improve the educational value of the schools to normal children.

Crime Among Nations

AMONG the manifold functions of organized society, one is to define anti-social behavior; another is to prevent it, in so far as possible, by judicial and police methods.

International society has taken a great forward leap by defining war as anti-social behavior. Until the League of Nations became something more than a project, and until the Kellogg Pacts were ratified, the waging of war was, like duelling of other days, an honorable activity. Now we have made it a crime.

If the change in point of view is too sudden and sweeping to be more than faintly and ineffectually realized as yet, while the ancient patterns of militant nationalism survive, it is none the less too profoundly auspicious to be permitted to languish, or to be clouded in the self-delusion of sheer idealism and political rationalizing.

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Lest we betray the task entrusted to this generation, we must press forward, in the face of baffling obstacles, to organize the world for peace as determinedly as, during all previous centuries, we organized it for war. We cannot rest with the mere framing of a new category of anti-social behavior. Without judicial and police methods for preventing such behavior among nations, the world would be like a government that defined crimes by legislation and had neither courts nor constabulary to protect itself against them.

The current inclination to rely upon "the moral force of public opinion" to prevent violation of the anti-war pacts is putting reliance upon a phrase only. It is idealistic rationalizing without reference to facts. The phrase simply reflects a growing state of mind, which would support effective action and which is futile without action.

The immediate practical action for the United States is accession to the World Court. This is far more important to the future than all the current bits of political by-play over disarmament and the freedom of the seas, which concern methods of warfare and not the maintenance of peace.

To say that the World Court — and the League of Nations for that matter — can no more completely eradicate war than our own Government and courts can at present prevent liquor drinking, or the murder of 12,000 persons a year, is a defeatist argument. On the other hand, it is probably an extremist's argument to urge American membership in the League of Nations in advance of public opinion.

But our prompt adherence to the World Court, even so safeguarded as to be little more than a gesture, is nevertheless the right gesture at the right time. A gesture at least is an action, and often more effective than a word. Henceforth, the cause of peace demands fewer words and more action. Let our action be so carefully limited as to placate the last irreconcilable in the Senate, if only it be early and positive!

Unless the world is to fall apart again into openly hostile groupings, the United States must show the other nations — and show them by deed — that all our idealistic praise of peace is not merely the hypocritical pretense that our hemmings and hawings and hedgings have made it seem to some more realistic Europeans.

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This *Is* Anastasia

By Gleb Botkin

A one-time playmate of the late Tsar's youngest daughter explains his belief that she still lives

I think no mystery in the annals of royalty is more romantic than that of Grand Duchess Anastasia, also known as Madame Tchaikowsky, who, having had her day of fame, now dwells secluded near New York, the guest of a certain Miss Annie Burr Jennings. Miss Jennings is a wholesome type of American woman, a D. A. R., and in general a person as alien to the Russian Court as China is to French cooking. In spite of that, or because of it, the young Russian Grand Duchess and the elderly Daughter of the American Revolution live together in perfect harmony.

To me there is no mystery attached to the case of Madame Tchaikowsky. I not merely believe her to be Anastasia — I know that she is. The guest of Miss Jennings is the youngest daughter of the late Emperor Nicholas II, and the only survivor of the Ekaterinburg massacre.

On what my knowledge rests I shall endeavor to explain in this article. I can speak with freedom now, because I have officially and actually withdrawn from the case. I have not seen the Grand Duchess for about a year, and do not propose to see her. I feel no particular interest in the eventual outcome of her case. In fact, I suspect that it may never have any outcome, save the gradual passing of all its participants from natural causes. At the end, I think the identity of Anastasia will still remain officially a mystery. Thus, for the first time (and I hope for the last) I can here relate what I know of Anastasia, not as one of her champions, but as an outsider who simply happens to be sure of certain facts.

I have known Anastasia since she was seven and I was eight. She has never been very pretty, except for her eyes, exact copies of the soft blue eyes of her father. But what she lacked in beauty, she made up in charm. Even as a child she could be tremendously attractive. She was always gay, witty, possessed of a great sense of humor and, when she wanted, delightfully kind. True, she could also be very haughty, but she never was toward me. The courtiers adored her, yet also considered her an *enfant terrible*. Among her cousins, who knew her better and worshipped her less, she had the reputation of being a little nuisance.

To me, however, Anastasia seemed wholly charming. We used to play to-

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gether, to exchange messages through my father, to plan together funny pictures which I later executed for Anastasia and for her sisters and brother. I knew that she was wilful, but she was always cheerful, entertaining and kind.

SOME nine years after I first saw Anastasia, we all found ourselves in exile in Siberia. Tobolsk, where we were sent, was truly a God-forsaken place, 250 miles away from the nearest railroad, buried from October to May in snow, with the temperature at about 40° Fahrenheit below zero.

Our party of exiles was placed in two houses, across the street from each other. I found myself in one house with my father, my sister, and several members of the Imperial Suite. The Empress was very anxious to have my sister and myself study and play together with her children. She repeatedly asked the revolutionary Commissars who guarded us to grant the necessary permission. For some mysterious reason the Commissars stubbornly refused. All we could do then was to exchange with the Grand Duchesses greetings through windows, and messages carried by my father, who, as personal physician to Tsar Nicholas, was allowed to visit the prisoner.

Most of our time my sister and I spent perched on window sills. Through father we knew from day to day every little event in the Imperial Family, while they learned from him everything that we were doing. With the eldest Grand Duchess, Olga, I exchanged verses, for she was a poet of real talent and followed my work in the same field with interest, often giving me helpful advice. For Anastasia and the little heir to the throne, I was still making my funny drawings.

It was, to say the least, a dreary winter, but it would have been drearier still, if it hadn't been for Anastasia. Not yet seventeen, she managed to keep her courage and amuse others even at the darkest moments. My father often said: "How touching the Grand Duchesses are! Today again I heard them whisper to one another: 'Papa is gloomy. We must cheer him up.'" And it was generally Anastasia who led the way.

THE Emperor had certainly sufficient reason to be gloomy. He had abdicated in the mistaken hope that his abdication would unite all political factions and enable Russia to win the war. Instead, he saw his former Empire crumble under his eyes, betray his Allies, and finally succumb to the shameful peace of Brest-Litovsk. Our personal situation was also precarious enough. The soldiers who guarded us had been appointed by the Kerensky Government. The Bolsheviks could not dispatch enough troups across the deep Siberian snow to remove those guards. Thus, we were entirely in the power of a gang of irresponsible soldiers who soon lost every vestige of discipline, spent their time in drunken orgies, and renewed daily their threats to shoot us all.

Once we were officially informed that we were going to be shot "in the course of the next twenty-four hours." These hours, which I spent pacing my room and trying to visualize the forthcoming shooting, I shall not forget. What helped me most to preserve my calm was the ticking of the clock. It sounded so peaceful, so

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unalterable, a true symbol of eternity. It occurred to me how little the death of all of us would mean, when it wouldn't even interrupt that quiet, eternal "tick-tack-tick-tack." And I kept pacing the room and listening to the clock. I have never known why the threat was not carried out.

MY SISTER and I were promised not to be separated from the Imperial Family. Nevertheless we were forcibly separated by the Bolsheviks in the spring of 1918. The Imperial Family and my father were taken to Ekaterinburg, my sister and I were left in Tobolsk. Soon afterwards Tobolsk was captured by the "Whites." We were saved. But what happened to the Imperial Family and to father? We knew nothing. At the first opportunity I rushed to Ekaterinburg, arriving there with a detachment of White troops, about a week after the tragic death of the Imperial Family. But I could learn nothing. It was only in the spring of 1919 that a lengthy and rather sloppily conducted investigation, led by Judge Sokolov, arrived at the conclusion that the whole Imperial Family and my father were shot on the night of July 17, 1918, and their bodies burned twenty-four hours later, in a nearby forest. There were persistent rumors that one or two of the Grand Duchesses had escaped, but these have never been seriously investigated. Besides, Ekaterinburg was soon recaptured by the Reds, and the investigation was abandoned.

In 1920 I escaped to Japan. In 1922 I arrived in the United States. Wherever I went I heard of rescued Grand Duchesses. I even met some of them. It came to the point when every announcement of another "discovery" of a rescued Grand Duchess caused me to fly into fits of anger. It was only a cruel and impudent evocation of memories too painful to dwell on, or talk about.

Then, in 1925, I read a cable from Germany about the discovery in Berlin of a Madame Tchaikowsky who claimed to be Grand Duchess Anastasia. The same afternoon a reporter called on me. I declared emphatically that Madame Tchaikowsky was either a fraud or a lunatic. Shortly after the publication of that interview I received an anonymous letter reproaching me for giving out such reckless statements. What, my anonymous correspondent wanted to know, if Madame Tchaikowsky was indeed Anastasia? I laughed and threw the letter into the waste basket.

SEVERAL months passed, and I began to hear about Madame Tchaikowsky again. But every bit of new information about her, that reached me, was always more baffling and disturbing. At length I began to investigate the matter earnestly. The more I investigated, the more I had to admit that this pretender had at least a good case. But then, she herself seemed to remain completely indifferent to her own fate. Whatever case she had was made by her adherents, whose number steadily increased. This alone was unprecedented. Nevertheless I remained highly skeptical.

At last, late in 1926, I received a hysterical letter from my sister. She had visited Madame Tchaikowsky and found her to be indeed Anastasia. But Anastasia was sick, penni-

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less, persecuted for incomprehensible reasons by her own relatives. Something had to be done to save her. I had every confidence in my sister's judgment and truthfulness, and yet this time I couldn't quite believe even her. But I naturally was greatly upset, and as soon as I could manage it, went to Europe. Early in May, 1927, I arrived at the ancient Bavarian castle of the Duke of Leuchtenberg, who at the time was offering refuge to Madame Tchaikowsky. At first she refused to see me. I waited from day to day. Then, one afternoon, while I was in the hall, the door opened and before me appeared — Anastasia.

It is difficult to describe the shock I experienced, but from the first moment that I saw Madame Tchaikowsky, I knew her to be Anastasia. There could be not the slightest doubt about it. She, likewise, recognized me at once and on the same afternoon she singled out from the many drawings I brought to show her those which I had made in Siberia.

Her situation was pathetic. Her own relatives tried to have her arrested, kidnapped. There had been several attempts on her life. German newspapers, allied with Anastasia's uncle, were waging a ruthless campaign against her, trying to prove that she was a Polish peasant, and clamoring for her arrest. The Duke of Leuchtenberg was losing his head. It was all mysterious and dreadful. I felt myself plunged into the Middle Ages. I could find no explanation of what was going on, but there was no time to search for explanations. One had, at all cost, to get Anastasia out of Europe. I promised to do it; but how?

In June, 1927, I was back in New York, but nobody wanted to listen to me. Some of my friends thought that I was losing my mind, others that I had embarked on some unscrupulous political adventure. But gradually people began to be more attentive and I received several offers to bring Anastasia to this country. Among them was one from Mrs. William B. Leeds, the former Princess Xenia, a distant cousin of the Emperor. This offer was accepted; but even then, it was February, 1928, before Anastasia finally reached the United States.

I thought that now her troubles were over, but I was very much mistaken. The mystery began gradually to clear up. The Emperor had left a fortune to his daughters in England. There was also money and real estate in Germany and Finland. Anastasia's relatives had long been searching for that fortune, but couldn't locate it. It was Anastasia herself who finally gave the necessary information. Then her relatives proclaimed her an impostor and began to claim her fortune for themselves.

To add to other complications, it was just in the summer of 1928 that the money had to be given to Anastasia's aunts, unless a claim for Anastasia's rights were made officially before then. Anastasia received my promise that I would try to save her fortune for her. Meanwhile, however, she quarreled with me and with everybody else, until she was completely isolated on the Leeds estate.

Nevertheless, Anastasia's fortune was duly rescued and tied up in the banks. And then Anastasia's hosts

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delivered an ultimatum. She was either going to renounce her claims and let her aunts inherit her money, or else she was to leave their house in forty-eight hours. Did they doubt her identity? Oh, no; they readily admitted it. But somehow the policy of the Imperial Family had prevailed. Anastasia was not to be officially acknowledged.

As a consequence of these decisions, I found myself one day with Anastasia and an American friend, driving in a car along the Long Island highways. What were we going to do? Neither of us had any money, and worse than that, we could not feel certain of Anastasia's safety. Even some of us who had befriended her had been mysteriously threatened.

WE DECIDED for safety first. There was a tiny studio apartment in the attic of an old house on Fifty-sixth Street, New York, east of Lexington Avenue. It was more than modest, full of dust, suffocatingly hot, but it was safe, for it was occupied by a certain John R. Colter, a journalist who had always championed Anastasia's cause, without having ever seen her. I knew that no more loyal person ever lived than he. He would defy the whole universe, but Anastasia would be safe with him. Thither we went, and for the first time I breathed with relief. Anastasia was safe. Luckily she was satisfied with a vegetarian diet. Colter and I had just enough money between us to buy her some lettuce and a tomato for supper.

Then other friends came to the rescue. Anastasia went to live in Garden City, Long Island. Often some of my friends who lived only a few blocks away from her, would gather at my house in the evening, and ask: "Have you heard about Anastasia lately? Is it true that she went back to Europe? Where do you think she can be hiding?"

Anastasia remained undetected and unperturbed in Garden City until Christmas, 1928, whereupon she accepted an invitation from Miss Jennings.

MY FIRST instant recognition of Anastasia in Leuchtenberg's castle might conceivably have been a mistake, but any doubt on my own part as to her identity became impossible after I had seen her daily from August till January. I must say that Anastasia has been totally misrepresented by her own adherents who, in trying to provoke more sympathy for her, and explain away her often bewildering actions or statements, created an entirely wrong picture of her and defeated their own purpose. Anastasia can indeed be bewildering and even exasperating, but only to those who did not know her in the old days. Her personality hasn't changed in the least. She can still be witty and humorous, kind and adorable, but she can also be an *enfant terrible*, and what seemed just naughtiness in childhood can be very trying in a grown up person. She suffers from all the idiosyncrasies common to royalty, and has besides inherited the difficult disposition of her mother, the late Empress Alexandra. She insists on most rigid observance of court etiquette. Yet she hates everything associated — like the Russian language — with her fearful family tragedy. It is on these grounds that

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she considers it insulting to be asked questions and that she dislikes to talk Russian. Accordingly, she would often give deliberately nonsensical and untruthful answers or would refuse to speak her native tongue. Her adherents who tried to represent her as a paragon of all virtues and a most truthful person started the very harmful myth that she lost her memory and forgot the Russian language. All of which is pure fiction. Anastasia's memory is amazingly good. Many a time she has reminded me of little incidents and unimportant events which I had long since forgotten myself, but remembered the moment she mentioned them. Actually, Russian is the only language she knows in perfection; but she stubbornly insists on talking either in English or in German, although she speaks both of those languages with a pronounced accent.

But if one doesn't violate a fundamental of court etiquette by asking Anastasia questions, she herself will talk freely of her past. And I must say that it is a veritable ordeal to listen to her descriptions of the tragedy of Ekaterinburg. She tells in detail of all the events preceding the shooting on the night of July 17, 1918. Her last recollection is that she saw the Commissar Yourovsky shoot the Emperor through the head. She herself hid behind her sister Olga. Then she heard Olga scream and lost consciousness. She came to herself in a peasant cart, travelling along the highway with two men and two women. She was covered with wounds and for a long time remained semi-conscious. Later it was explained that the two men were among the Bolshevik shooting squad and accompanied the bodies of the victims to the forest. They noticed that Anastasia was alive and in the night preceding the cremation of the bodies, stole her and brought her to their farm. From there, taking along their mother and sister, they started on the same night in a cart in a southwestern direction. After many weeks of weary travel they reached Rumania.

There Anastasia married one of her rescuers and gave birth to a son. Soon afterward her husband, Tchaikowsky, was killed in the streets of Bucharest. Anastasia's son was taken away from her and placed in an orphan asylum where he is said to have died. Anastasia made her way to Germany, where she wanted to find her godmother, Princess Irene of Prussia. Arrived in Berlin, she threw herself from a bridge in a fit of despair, but was rescued by the police. Since she refused to answer a single question, she was placed in an insane asylum. It was there that she was recognized by Russian visitors who had known her in her childhood. They obtained her release from the asylum in 1922.

Ever since then, the controversy about Anastasia's identity has raged with increasing fury. Many a time Anastasia, in consequence of her many wounds, was on the verge of death. As late as 1925 the doctors pronounced her beyond hope. She survived, but it was only after her arrival in this country that she recovered almost completely.

I must say that Anastasia's account of her rescue contradicts in nothing the findings of the Sokolov

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commission, but supplements and explains them on many points. There exists much circumstantial evidence confirming all that she says. Were Anastasia to go to court I believe that she would certainly win her case. But a litigation of this kind would require considerable capital and it must be realized that Anastasia herself is penniless.

WHAT makes the situation even more difficult is Anastasia's own attitude toward the whole case. She is highly indignant at her relatives' behavior toward her. But her indignation is, so to speak, a political one. She considers herself the head of the House of Romanov and regards her aunts' refusal to recognize her mostly in the light of a rebellion. I never heard her express any indignation on moral or humane grounds. But to public opinion she is supremely indifferent and accordingly does nothing to win any supporters. To all my representations on the subject, she invariably answered:

"What do I care what some sort of people think or say about me? No matter what they say or think, I am still the Grand Duchess Anastasia."

She has more or less the same attitude toward the courts. What she really wants is not so much a legal recognition by the courts, as a voluntary submission of her revolutionary relatives.

But perhaps Anastasia's main trouble is her suspiciousness. It is not surprising that a person who has endured her dreadful experiences would become suspicious. But I think that with Anastasia this trait is more inherited than acquired. Her mother, Empress Alexandra, was suspicious to the point of abnormality. For instance, in the winter of 1917–18, during our Siberian exile, the Empress suddenly began to suspect my father of being a revolutionary. Anastasia likewise sees enemies everywhere. It is enough to arouse her displeasure on even some trivial matter, to have her suspect one of evil designs. Kind and charming as she can be toward those she trusts, she becomes haughty the moment she loses confidence. In this manner she has antagonized in turn most of her champions.

FOR my part, though I am no longer active in the task of establishing her identity, I would like to see the case solved, if only for the sake of history. Incidentally, there is a peculiar coincidence that might interest the mystically inclined. The Romanovs became first nationally prominent in Russia when Tsar Ivan the Terrible married a young woman of an obscure middle class family, Anastasia Romanovna. She enjoyed great popularity, and in 1613 her grand-nephew Michael Romanov was elected to the Russian throne. Thus it was an Anastasia who brought the Romanovs out of obscurity, and it is with an Anastasia that they are now dropping back into obscurity. For whatever may be the outcome of the case of Anastasia, there can be no doubt that the Romanovs have played their final part in history.

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Shall Protestants Adopt the Confessional?

By George Barton Cutten

President of Colgate University

The suggestion of a Protestant confessional appears periodically. Some recognize that the practice as conducted by the Roman Catholic Church has been of benefit to certain parishioners and wonder why Protestants can not benefit by it also. Immediately upon any mention of the confessional there comes to the mind of the Protestant the fact that the abuses of the confessional had an important causal connection with the beginnings of the Reformation, and he naturally remembers these abuses rather than any good which has been or may be derived from it. There is no doubt that, even surrounded as it is in the Roman Catholic Church by all the safeguards, it is still at times corrupt; but that is only saying that Roman Catholics as well as Protestants are human. To the average Protestant, the confessional is typical of the worst in Catholicism.

Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick, the talented pastor of the Park Avenue Baptist Church, and Professor of Homiletics at Union Theological Seminary, has again suggested that Protestants adopt the confessional. There are several reasons why this should appeal to him. He is probably the most outstanding preacher of any denomination in America. His enemies in trying to destroy him only succeeded in advertising him, and fortunately his ability made the advertising of permanent value. This talent for preaching and the nation-wide advertising which he received gave him his well-deserved reputation. As a consequence, hundreds overflow his church every Sunday, and thousands — the number can only be roughly estimated — hear him weekly over the radio.

Dr. Fosdick is sought not only on account of his reputation as a preacher, but because of his broad sympathies and well balanced judgment, and people by the hundreds desire to pour out their troubles to him. Many who succeed in seeing him and talking with him undoubtedly are helped, and when he considers the great numbers he cannot see on account of lack of time, he naturally asks the question, Why not a Protestant confessional so that every troubled person can go to his own pastor and find rest to his soul by relieving his mind of sin and sorrow and perplexity?

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Well, why not? I suppose we all admit that if we could have a man of the character, judgment, and sympathy of Dr. Fosdick to whom to go, a Protestant confessional would be most helpful; but think of the thousands of Protestant clergymen who are lacking in the elements essential to a confessor. In Roman Catholicism the priest as a confessor stands not for himself but for the Church, and a person confesses to the Church; in addition, the confessor is surrounded by forms and rules which make the office as near fool-proof and knave-proof as it is possible for human ingenuity to make it. Among Protestants the minister as confessor would himself have to assume responsibility and we would go to him because of his personal qualities. He would be entirely without obligatory forms or rules and the conditions would result in trouble and error and, probably, scandal.

IT MIGHT be thought that a Protestant confessional would but formalize what is now going on in an informal and irregular manner in practically all our Protestant churches. Here, again, we are generalizing from Dr. Fosdick's experience. Undoubtedly Protestant ministers, the members of whose congregations have confidence in their integrity and ability, do have their parishioners appeal to them for advice and comfort, but probably in the case of a majority of our Protestant clergymen anything like a confession is rarely, if ever, heard; and this is well. To establish a Protestant confessional, to be adopted in a general way, would be to invite disaster in the majority of cases. The ministers who are worthy of receiving the confidence of their fellows are now being consulted; the others would better not be encouraged to ask for confidences.

IT MAY be, however, that Dr. Fosdick's principal reason for suggesting the adoption of a Protestant confessional is his acquaintance with and belief in mental hygiene, and the psychoanalytic principles upon which it is founded. Very early in the development of this new branch of mental science Dr. Fosdick received an insight into its principles and practices through his friendship with the late Dr. Thomas Salmon, the first medical director of the National Committee for Mental Hygiene, and has since been much interested in the subject. Undoubtedly this has helped him much in dealing with some of the cases which were presented to him. It may be worth while for us to inquire just how close the relationship between psychoanalysis and the confessional really is, especially in the light of the emphasis which is now being given to the former by modern psychiatrists. This may help in our decision concerning the wisdom of establishing a Protestant confessional, for if science is adopting the principle of the confessional the church must not lag behind.

When one becomes acquainted with the art of psychoanalysis, especially in its early history, he is immediately struck with its similarity to the confessional of the Roman Catholic Church. It was then known as "the cathartic method" because the innermost secrets of the life were poured out, and a cure resulted. The likeness, however, is more apparent

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than real. It is true that the confessional probably has value from the standpoint of mental hygiene, but what value it has is principally preventive rather than curative. That it has been retained so many centuries, even in changed form, is some index of its worth, whether or not this has always been of a mental character.

In James v: 14, 15, we find the only reference to confession to men made in the New Testament. It is as follows: "Is any among you sick? Let him call for the elders of the church; and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord: and the prayer of faith shall save him that is sick, and the Lord shall raise him up; and if he have committed sin, it shall be forgiven him. Confess therefore your sins one to another, and pray one for another, that ye may be healed." At first the penitent confessed to a company of believers, later to religious leaders, and only in the Thirteenth Century secret auricular confession became a law of the Church. Now the priest hears the confession, absolves from sin and its consequences, and imposes a penance. I John 1: 9, says: "If we confess our sins He is faithful and righteous to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

The connection between confession and healing, indicated in the quotation from James given above, seems to link it somewhat closely to psychoanalysis. There is no doubt but that confession and the absolution which follows do relieve inner tension and provide a mental peace which is beneficial. They heal the divided self or the mental conflict caused by moral lapses and secret and questionable desires in a life which is endeavoring to conform to certain moral standards. William James put it in this way: "For him who confesses, shams are over and realities have begun; he has exteriorized his rottenness. If he has not actually got rid of it, he at least no longer smears it over with a hypocritical show of virtue — he lives at least upon a basis of veracity." Dejerine (*The Psychoneuroses and Their Treatment by Psychotherapy*, p. 300) says: "They were profound psychologists who instituted confession as an important religious practice," and Stekel (*The Depths of the Soul: Psychoanalytic Studies*, p. 23) writes: "The tremendous power of the Roman Catholic Church is even today due to the fact that it enables its members to confess their most secret sufferings from time to time and to be absolved. Dr. Muthmann calls attention to the fact that suicides are most frequent in Protestant countries, and least frequent among Roman Catholic peoples, and he thinks this to be attributed to the influence of the confessional, one of the greatest blessings of numberless people." What is true of suicide is probably also true of religious mania.

While it has been charged that Protestants when they wish to unburden themselves eschew the church and consult a lawyer or a physician, this is not always so. Even if the Protestant believes that religious confession is a private matter between himself and God, he does not always restrict his confession to Divinity, and not infrequently a

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weekly prayer meeting has become a confessional in which all present participate. A certain religious movement which has recently received considerable publicity has as one of its principal tenets full and free confession within the group.

As already noted, the chief psychological value of the confessional is preventive and not curative. The confessional may prevent the forming of complexes, but unfortunately most of the detrimental complexes have their origin in early life, before the time for first confessional. The first impulse of a wrong doer is to repress the evil and drive it from his consciousness and, if possible, from memory. This he is not often able to do, especially in adult life. Only a small proportion of repressions actually result in complexes. Even if not many complexes are prevented, the returns in present peace are probably worth while and are the chief value of the confessional.

MANY mental and physical troubles are caused by complexes and phobias which are not of a religious character and would not naturally be included in the religious confession. A fear of a certain disease might not cause that disease but in turn might be the cause of a mental trouble much worse. That would not naturally be presented in a religious confession. In fact some sects, such as Christian Scientists, claim a better result by ignoring such fears than by confessing them. However that may be, the fact remains that confession would touch but a small portion of the causes of complexes because of its dealing with moral and religious conditions only.

More important than that, though, is the fact that the complexes are unconscious and are unknown to the patient's regular waking consciousness. It is to the discovery and revealing of these that the analyst's most skilful technique is directed. Neither the penitent nor the priest can deal with them for they cannot be confessed. They are not only consciously unknown, but the mental mechanism of the patient keeps them stubbornly repressed, until they are drawn from him by insistent and ingenious methods.

IN ADDITION to the fact that in the confessional the examination is superficial and does not probe deeply, the ideals underlying the two processes are very different. The confessional focuses attention upon guilt and how it may be removed; psychoanalysis emphasizes the primary hidden origin and how it may be revealed. In psychoanalysis there is practically no such thing as guilt; that is the criticism of it which moralists are continually making. The acts which the Church calls sin, the analyst resolves into some unfortunate experience in early life for which the patient can not be held responsible, regardless of the apparent responsibility of his resultant act in later years. On the other hand, the confessor can not and does not delve into the hidden recesses of the mind to find the origin — he takes the deed at face value, judges the guilt according to the confession, and imposes penance.

There seems to be little doubt that at times there is a great deal of rationalization heard in the confessional. Innumerable excuses are

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presented for not living a good life — the clergy are incompetent, society is incorrectly organized, and many similar statements are made. All such rationalizations and insincerities effectively abort the essential aim of the psychoanalyst, which is to lay bare and eradicate the evil which is being confessed, together with its causes and ramifications. At times the penitent accepts the penance rather than make a genuine confession, and to him the penance removes the necessity of a plenary confession and the assumption of the consequent guilt. The debt is paid; the penitent escaped lightly, to be sure, but it is over with and that is the penitent's good fortune. That in itself prevents the disclosure of hidden experiences for which the analyst is searching, which is so important for the success of his method. Of course, if the confessional worked out ideally that would be one thing, but we are dealing with imperfect individuals or there would be no need of confessionals.

EVEN if the confessional and the analysis were the same, the minister or the priest has neither the time nor the training for this work. The analysis of a single person takes months and perhaps years. Frequent confessions taking up difficult themes and the answering of specific questions are utterly opposed to the method which analysts now use. Trained analysts are rare, and perhaps not a dozen clergymen in this country have even an elementary training in this complicated technique. On this account psychoanalysis can never take the place of the confessional, nor can psychoanalytic methods be used in the confessional. Different from the confessional, psychoanalysis is curative rather than preventive.

There are two questions of technique which are important to consider in showing the difference between the two methods. One is sublimation and the other is transference. There is a wide difference between the direction given by the confessor and the sublimation which is the ultimate object of the analyst. Sublimation is spontaneous and usually unconsciously motivated; the direction given to the penitent is direct and conscious. The former is positive, the latter is likely to be negative. It is, of course, possible that sublimation may be aided in confession, as it is at times guided in psychoanalysis. No doubt the confessor could profit much by suggestions obtained from the psychoanalytic method, but present practice shows a broad divergence.

TRANSFERENCE is a different matter. This strong emotional reaction is as dangerous if not understood as it is inevitable. Before the analysis has proceeded far the patient exhibits violently pronounced feelings toward the analyst. These may be in the form of either love or hate, and the whole volcanic emotional content of the complex is transferred to the analyst. It is the task of the latter to keep this emotional tone at a certain moderate level until the emotion subsides and the analysis is complete. Not only is this very different from the practices of the confessional, but to introduce a practice which would admit or require such elements would be necessarily fatal.

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Thus, when one reaches below the surface, he finds the apparent likeness between the confessional and psychoanalytic practice to be very slight. It is probable that the value of the confessional is not so much in the confession as in the subsequent absolution and penance. The sin is paid for, there is no need to worry over it, the penitent is assured of forgiveness, the whole matter may be dropped, and mental peace results. Whether this is good theology or not we must leave to the theologians, but it is good practical psychology.

On the other hand the Protestant may be told that God will forgive his sins, but he has no one to tell him dogmatically and unquestionably that they really are forgiven; no one to impose a penalty on him which he can work off in expiation. God does not speak to him as does the priest; he is left in doubt. If conscientious he may worry, and from this starting point, if nervously and mentally unstable, there may be a direct road to insanity or suicide. Your guilt does not seem so great to others as to you, and someone else will be far more lenient with you than you are with yourself if you are really in earnest about this whole matter of sin and guilt. Of course, if this is purely a formal affair, the penance imposed by the confessor may seem severe. Confession may occasionally relieve the mind of some unpleasant experience which might develop into a complex, but without the absolution and penance the greater part of the value would be lacking.

It is here where a Protestant confessional would be weak. Simply to sit and hear confessions so as to give a chance for relief of mental tension is not enough, unless one is prepared to go through the whole psychoanalytic programme; or we must go farther and include absolution and penance, which I am not sure the Protestant is willing or prepared to do. Not being able to see into the heart of the penitent, how can any confessor be assured of the contrite spirit which is necessary for forgiveness? No absolution is of any value unless it is positive, and only a life-long training in a theology, such as the Roman Catholic, could assure that. Some kind of a compromise might be concocted, but it seems that it might lack the essential element.

The value of psychoanalysis to the confessor seems to be confined to two suggestions: in the first place there are certain psychological laws which psychoanalysis has revealed, which may be applied in a general rather than a technical way; and, in the second place, the confessor should have sufficient training to recognize the need of special treatment, so that if an analyst is required he may be recommended or employed. The reasons why a priest or minister should not practice psychoanalysis seem to make it prohibitive.

The possibility of abuses wrapped up in the confessional, such as those against which Luther reacted, and the social and religious dangers, are always present. If we add to these the psychoanalytic pitfalls, a Protestant confessional becomes increasingly undesirable. The present informal relationship between pastor and parishioners seems, after all, to be preferable in most cases.

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Our Harassed Children

By Josephine Daskam Bacon

Why not take them out of the experimental laboratory and give them a chance to be themselves?

One of the oldest and most successful appeals to our charity — old-fashioned personal charity and new-fashioned organized charity — has always been the case of a poor widow with a large family. How could the unfortunate woman earn her living and take care of her children, too?

Of late it has been obvious to child specialists, neurologists, and psychologists that the lone child of a rich couple was only too well equipped with parents, and that the kindest thing to be done for him was to get him away from their exclusive and terrific devotion and interest. But as there was never an alarming number of only children of multi-millionaires, the poor infants served as warnings in fiction and the drama, and sensible, average people like you and me let it go at that. Our own parents, were their children few or many, sent us to school, to dancing class, or music lesson, and to "play" in our free time. They never bothered very much with what we played; they assumed that we knew our own business best. If we washed our hands before supper and didn't pick up too many unsuitable manners or words, they let us alone, particularly if we lived in the country or suburbs. As a matter of fact that was one of the reasons for living in the country or the suburbs.

It is quite clear that people of reasonable means and a good, cultured background can't very well turn children out to play in the streets of a big city. It wouldn't be physically safe, without going any further into it. A nurse, a governess, or some older person must supervise whatever roller-skating or dog exercising or game playing goes on in the parks or on broad, less crowded avenues.

Now, nothing could be more reasonable than this, and nothing could be more natural than that the good city schools should see the problems involved and try to coöperate in solving them. Because only rich people can afford to keep a governess for children of school age, and it is clear that one responsible person can look after a group at play as well as after a single child.

So the good city schools offered gymnasiums or playgrounds or various interesting expeditions to their

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pupils for afternoons and Saturdays, and it is hard to think of a better or less expensive arrangement for the average city parents of high ideals and moderate means. If people must live in the city, or prefer to live there, they must arrange for play and recreation in the city, and fathers and mothers can't spend their time in sharing it or protecting it.

So far, so good. The vast majority of Americans don't live in our big cities, however, and the educational programmes of the metropolis have really no more to do with the rest of the country than the traffic problems of the metropolis: they are in a class by themselves.

But it is just here that the standardization, the publicity methods and the eager desire to be up-to-the-minute, which are undoubtedly the three leading factors in American life, come in. Is there a theory or "project" or psychological problem which occurs to the experimentalists who handle the great masses of the foreign elements in our public school system, or the smaller masses of our upper class private schools, or the particular cases of our mental clinics, or psychiatry laboratories? It is eagerly incorporated into the family schedules of up-to-date parents all over the country, regardless of the fact that, without any proved necessity for doing it, they are taking away hour by hour their children's leisure and freedom and chance to develop naturally and healthfully by themselves.

Let me give a concrete case of what I mean. A well-to-do city mother of my acquaintance told me with great pride that her six year old boy was spending a fine autumn afternoon with his class, in an intensive survey of the largest baking plant in New York. "They will see," she said, "the whole process, after the flour has left the mill, to where the loaves of bread are put on the delivery wagons. And every step will be explained to them. It isn't lessons, exactly, but see how much knowledge they are getting unconsciously!"

"I hope it will be quite unconscious," I answered unfeelingly, "it would have been with me, when I was six years old!"

Why leave it there? Why not hop on the delivery van (surely, the most fun of the trip) and watch the loaves distributed? Why not watch the slices buttered and eaten, and later observe the digestive process (obviously the most important of all) with the X-ray?

Frankly, I think this is bosh!

Was it Science and Invention they were observing? Was it Commerce? Was there a vague, lunatic idea of substituting the modern equivalent for grandmother in her heart-warming and stomach-filling kitchen?

Nobody will ever be able to compute the value of the unconscious hours of childish association with elders, busied with their practical household and outdoor tasks. Their fragmentary conversation, their natural, willing answers to childish questions, their requesting or permitting assistance, were real training.

Admit that modern living conditions, mechanical appliances, mass production, contraction of the home

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and expansion of the community, have altered all this — admit it freely; but is a flour factory in any sense the equivalent for it? Is it the same thing at all? If you can't send your child out to the pasture with the hired man to watch the milking, are you really serious when you suggest a group visit to a condensed milk plant, in its place? Because your child can't help in the autumn apple-picking, do you prescribe a visit to an applesauce cannery?

Of course you don't, and no parent left to himself would. This is the logic-gone-wrong of the professional educationalist.

And where has it landed them, these eager young parents? Having provided something educational or stimulating or coöperative for every hour in the day and every department of the body, mind and soul, what are they working at now? Classes or systems or "projects" *for developing the child's initiative!* This is certainly the last irony of all.

How are you going to develop initiative, anyhow? Who really knows how to do it? Are you sure that everyone has it? What would happen if everyone had?

The old Romans knew all about this. They observed that about one man in every eight had potential qualities of initiative and leadership, and they made their unit what the English call "a corporal's guard" — seven men and a leader. The Girl and Boy Scouts call this group a "patrol," and if you are wise enough to break up your Scout group into bunches of eight and let them elect their own leaders you will almost invariably find that they will choose the best of the bunch.

The average, normal child has all the initiative it needs — it is born that way. While I have not a doubt that there are timid, undervitalized children who will greatly benefit by wise drawing-out and judicious stimulation, they correspond to the children who have weak digestions, poor eyes, imperfect circulations: every deviation from the normal profits, naturally, from extra care and training.

But I have seen so many cases of harassed little souls so cultivated and stimulated, and probed for possible talents, and tested for various reactions, and exploited in so many ways at once, that I am more and more convinced that the majority of them would do better if left entirely alone.

A child's mind is not just so much jelly to be poured into a mould. It is a growing organism. Life — just life — is teaching it something all the time, whatever else its self-imposed teachers are doing. It can digest only so much; only what it personally digests can nourish it. And even if it were jelly, the mold could be only one shape and one size — you can't pour a quart of material into a pint pot.

I doubt very much, for instance, if there are any more good sculptors now than there ever were: I mean by this, people whose achievements in sculpture are such as to warrant their devoting their lives to this art and enriching the world by it. But I am continually urged to admire the efforts in this line of whole roomfuls of children; not as something

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which kept them busy for a while, but as really interesting and valuable results — which they are not.

All children are not actors. Few of them are playwrights. Few of them (daring as this may seem!) are poets. Most of this constructive work they are set at is unnatural, self-conscious and imitative. In the public schools they follow very interestingly the racial lines we should naturally expect: the Germans are musical, the Italians are plastic and dramatic, the Americans are inventive and managing, the Jews, by quickness, application and industry, capture the prizes. In the end, the successful ones settle down at something for which they have a natural bent and concentrate on it and win, or dissipate their energies and lose. Just as they did before there were play directors and before every child was assumed to be a mine of unexplored talents and a garden where flowers of every latitude flourish indiscriminately all at once.

THIS class of harassed children is growing larger every year. It is no longer the poor little rich boy who gains in every way by being sent to school or camp simply because this gets him away from his parents. It is the child of moderate means in comfortable suburbs, small towns and the smaller cities, who is so trotted from one cultural experience to another that he never gets time to find his own level, pick his own companions or spend his personal leisure — and everybody has a right to some personal leisure — as he wishes.

Is there a famous metropolitan Sunday school within train distance of his home? He is promptly rushed off to it, "so that he may have the best," at a cost of two hours train travel a day. Is there a new teacher of rhythmic dancing, dramatic expression, professional story telling, musical appreciation or nature study? He is enrolled with him. His games are classified and compulsory. His pleasure reading is listed summer work. He is watched for complexes as we were watched for measles during an epidemic. *Mother Goose* and *Jack The Giant Killer* are garbled for his alleged benefit into horrifying moralities, civic lectures and spinach-and-carrot propaganda.

IT IS not for nothing that the children of large families almost always turn out better poised, more independent and less nervous than the only son or daughter. It is because they were necessarily "let alone" more. There wasn't enough attention to go around, and they profited by that fact. So they do at summer camps in spite of routines and rule-of-thumb disciplines. Only the unusual and abnormal suffer there, and the general run of boys and girls come back better in mind and body than they were when they arrived.

I am not unmindful of the fine work done by child specialists. That they have done wonders for the mistreated, misfed, misunderstood child, is conceded. The abnormal child today has a better chance than ever in the history of the world.

But I feel that too many children who don't at all need the systems elaborated for this particular type of child are being subjected to them. Too many healthy, intelligent chil-

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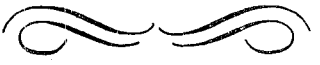
dren in comfortable homes are being organized and supervised and regimented, when they would be perfectly safe physically, mentally and spiritually, if they were let alone and treated more casually. Too many are being over-groomed for races they will never run, and over-exploited for talents they don't possess.

Poor parents, whose anxious care insists that their child shall never miss a trick in all the educational upheavals and psychological discoveries and schedule reorganizations! They forget that all these changes in point of view impose a great strain on young organisms whose greatest safety lies in a placid routine. I have long felt that all the new fads should be tried out in orphan asylums or penal settlements, and that individual parents, who pay for education, should insist that any one system must last at least five years.

The trained seals in the circus have a more stable system of education than well-to-do children today. And, as seals, I think they show better results for the money!

The dormouse and the white rat seem to be marked out by Providence for scientific experimentation, and there are so many of them that it doesn't much matter. But with increasingly smaller families, it seems to me that children should be lifted out of the dormouse class, and taken out of the laboratory for a while.

An unprejudiced comparison of the results of a sensible, healthy, let-alone system with the product of so much and so worried supervision, will, I am sure, convince anyone that the modern mother is defeating her own ends by too eager and too constant cultivation of a field that must lie fallow for definite stretches of time, if it is ever to produce the good crops of healthy maturity.



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The Lady Boss

By Estelle Mendelsohn

In which one of her own sex adroitly lets down the feminine executive

I believe the woman executive has not been analyzed by one of her own kind. Whatever criticism of her has been made comes from outside her own ranks. I have been one of the clique for fifteen years, and my criticisms are at least well founded in experience.

We women who work must admit from the outset that we find very few business peaks around us decorated by successful executives of our sex. The examples are so few that the sour soul who maintains that women have, for the most part, failed to attain eminence, success or efficiency in a directive or executive capacity, is able easily to hold his ground.

The isolated instances serve to strengthen rather than to weaken his case. For it is usually found that such women boom in a bass voice, are whiskery, muscular and masculine, and don't use rouge. In short they are not typical women, and therefore contribute nothing to the case of the successful woman executive.

From this dour dictum are excepted women teachers, artists, copy writers, forewomen of factories, Young Women's Christian Association officials, real estate campaigners, women in politics, women who own and operate their own business, and all women whose directive work brings them in contact only with underlings of their own sex. Transport these last named ladies to executive jobs, where they have to supervise, instruct and direct men, and the whole morale of the department or business immediately suffers.

Women are quite helpless in this situation. They can no more change their status in business than they can change their organic composition. And it is precisely that organic composition which hampers and hobbles the lady boss.

Biologically she is designed to do a certain job. For several million years she has satisfactorily performed that job. Her entire organism has evolved along the path of maternal fitness. She has developed the characteristics which stand her in best stead as a sweetheart, wife and mother. She has, hitherto, fulfilled her destiny. She has complemented the male and borne his children. She has been passive in the sphere outside her domestic horizon. She has been pursued. She has been uncer-

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tain, unhappy, unfinished and incomplete when she failed as wife, mother or mistress. She has reflected the glory of her sons. She has vicariously thrilled to the plaudits which fell upon her husband or lover. She has illumined history as a siren, a sorceress, a poisoner, a plotter, sometimes as a poet and painter, once as an army campaigner, but most often as counsellor, comforter, teacher, mentor and abettor of man, the doer, the director, the battler, the leader.

Suddenly she became "emancipated." The world war unleashed thousands of her to business activity. Hard upon the cataclysm came inventions to further her freedom from the drudgery of household labor. She milled into offices and factories. In an incredibly short time she pried open every avenue hitherto closed to her. She soon demonstrated her aptness as a saleswoman. She piled up gargantuan totals of insurance, real estate and investment sales. The charm and persuasiveness she had previously exerted in her amours, now became her invaluable aid in selling.

WHEREVER she could remain a woman, and quite naturally manipulate the characteristics of her sex, she became strikingly successful. She went into politics and became gloriously happy in crusading. But, as soon as she reared her head above the ramparts, and strode into places which narrowed the margin of her womanliness, she flopped with a heavy thud. And the most outstanding instance of her ineptness in the fields she would force open, is that of the business executive. This is all the more curious in the face of the examples which are limelighted and rotogravured as "successful" women. The truth is that they are shams. They are not successful, because the measure of their achievements must always be considered in ratio to that of the male executive, and it always falls short of his standard. Indeed, it *must* always fall short of his standard. Because —

THE job is the lady boss's second choice. Her natural destiny is stultified for the artificial interest of a career. She is not genuine as a business leader. The rôle imposes upon her traits which are the very antithesis of her pristine state. She yearns to be dependent — but she must be independent. She is susceptible to flattery — but she must be suspicious of every compliment that comes her way. She is naturally solicitous and maternal, but she dares not display softness. She likes to gossip, but small talk is denied her. She is inherently objective, but her job calls for a subjective treatment. As a woman she is emotional, intuitive, irrational, impulsive. As a business leader she must be reflective, analytical, impartial and impersonal. Historically she is vain, coquettish, refined. In business she must cultivate a neutral mien. The feminine foibles that are common to all women, she must consciously curb and curtail. She is, then, hobbled at the start by the incompatibility of her organism with the requirements of her career; and by the constant dissembling which the ulterior interest in her work forces upon her.

Here it is appropriate to look into the lady boss's single state. The supporter of her cause now rushes in

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with examples of widows and wives who are executives. The widows are single, as far as this terminology is concerned, and they function exactly the same as their spinster sisters. The wives are anomalies which are subjects for another analysis. A woman is interested only in her historical vocation. The very fact that she absents herself from her metropolitan home and family, when she is married, argues in the same direction, because home and family have lost their historical aspect for her. The wife who becomes a business leader, immediately contradicts the definition of wife. Such a woman is incomplete, unsatisfied and maladjusted.

The girls who saturate business in menial and minor jobs frankly avow — to themselves at least — their intention of retiring into matrimony as soon as opportunity offers. Whether they flow back into business has nothing to do with the case. The boredom of their lives, after marriage, the diminutiveness of their kitchenettes, drive them back into the whirlpool, but essentially their aim is matrimony, and not business.

WHILE the lady boss was in the ranks as a subordinate, she, too, entertained high hopes of marriage. But, the very qualities which projected her into bossdom, mitigated her chances of marriage. The man who wants to marry a successful woman, a woman executive, a lady boss in short, is himself a freak. The fate of being known as Miss So-and-So's husband will descend upon him. The lady boss is almost always unwilling to give up her career after marriage, and the field of prospective husbands who are willing to accept her conditions, narrows to a microscopic zone. The business girl who is a personable, thoroughly feminine creature is handicapped in her aim for bossdom. Her chief hesitates to make her head of a department, because he knows that sooner or later she will marry. Likewise he hesitates to employ a young woman who is already married. He does not want to risk the possibilities of enforced absences for periodic childbearing. Examine the evidence. It is not from accident, patently, that the majority of lady bosses are spinsters.

A SUCCESSFUL executive must be supported by an efficient staff. The woman executive is unable to gather around her experienced, highly capable and intelligent men, for the simple reason that such men invariably refuse to work for a woman. A man who holds a job directly under a woman, is regarded as inferior by his fellows. Whereas, young Edward testifies with quite some pride that he works for Mr. Perkins, he takes no such pleasure in admitting that Miss Amelia Mandeville is his boss. Ask him. He hedges and ho-hums, and says, evasively, "Oh! I don't have a boss. We all do our work in our own way." It is always a source of keen humiliation to him that he is subservient to a woman, and if he is married, the sore is full of festering.

Just consider how this affects the efficiency of the lady boss. She cannot employ men of the highest calibre, and she is, therefore, reduced to a choice of two types of employees — young, callow fellows eager for any job that will furnish them with experience, and ready to flee the yoke

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of the lady boss when they've come to maturity; or older men, has-beens for the most part — inert, inept fellows, insensible to the covert ridicule of their fellows. Never will you find an aggressive, thoroughly seasoned man in the full flower of his productiveness, who will voluntarily seek a post with a woman executive.

Show me the male personnel of the woman-steered department, and I'll show you a group of men with canker in their hearts — the devastating realization that they are the pawn of the matriarch. The lady boss, therefore, must be content with second-raters, or younglings; and if the younglings are clever and full of promise, they'll not stay with her. The dynamic forces which prevent her from surrounding herself with superior man power, give her a department which functions below par. This is no indictment of the lady boss. She may be, in fact, of so brilliant a turn of mind, that she can make up the deficiency of her staff through her own labors. But, it is an illustration of the incontrovertible conditions which militate against the efficiency of her rule.

The male executive indulges in a *camaraderie* with his associates. He may be a curmudgeon, a "wowser," a rattlesnake or a Dry, but he shares a common masculinity with them and he is tacitly included in conferences, get-togethers and luncheons. The lady boss may participate in business conferences, but she is never invited to lunch with her fellow executives. How does this handicap the lady executive in her work? It shuts her out of the pale of executive hobnobbery, and it exerts a corroding influence on her self appraisal.

When solicitors, salesmen or any other callers look in upon the lady boss, they immediately take on a different front from the one they wore when they spoke to the man in the next office. The salesman's entire bag of tricks must be changed when he comes to see a woman. His customer cigars stay in his pocket; the dubious but well relished story of the red-headed stenographer languishes for the telling. He cannot invite her to the athletic club. He can send her flowers, candy or theatre tickets. But she is contemptuous of such coarse methods. Does the lady boss suffer because of this discrimination? Yes, it's another factor that constantly forces her to be on her guard. She would like to believe the things the unctuous gentlemen tell her — of her smartness, her good fellowship, the fact that she's not like the ordinary woman — but she dare not. She is holding down a man's job, fighting men on their own ground, but they cannot forget her sex. Her merits they attribute to the masculine side of her ledger — her foibles they catalogue as feminine. So she strives mightily to put down the things within her that cry out "Woman!"

The lady boss is usually a hard taskmaster. Having a man's job, she sets herself to equal or outscore him at every possible point. If the men in her department suffer abasement, it is inevitably reflected in the output of her division. But what of the girls who work under her?

Let us see how the female personnel influences her equilibrium. The lady boss has seceded from the an-

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cient ranks of her sex. Women have so long served and ministered to men, that the lady boss deprives her female underlings of their legitimate right to charm, coquette and bridle. They envy her. They distrust her. She is an awesome and unnatural product. They would like not to work for a woman, but, unlike the men subordinates, they count their association with the business world as temporary, a prelude to marriage, and they suffer their temporary bondage with a grudge. You will see where this leaves the lady boss. There presses in upon her the chafing of the men in their vassalage; and the alienation of her own sex inevitably articulates itself. Again, a factor is created which impedes her progress.

THE lady boss is usually well paid, but she seldom draws a salary corresponding to that of a man in a similar position. She may jibe at this disparity. Her chief will then tell her that she is receiving a very fine wage "for a woman." Whenever this question of salary arises, the sex distinction is given clear utterance. Indeed, likely as not, her firm will make no secret of the fact that they have appointed a woman to the executive post, because they can pay her less than a man. Strange to say, the lady buyers, saleswomen and campaigners are quite as well paid as their men associates. In such cases, remuneration seems to be gauged in ratio to actual productiveness. A separate scale exists for the woman executive. When the lady boss is in a reflective mood, she weighs her worth — she knows her own strength, her ability, her intelligence — and she smarts under the ruling which exacts a penance for her sex.

All these matters are objective handicaps, which meet every woman when she reaches the executive post. They are handicaps peculiar to women — they do not confront the male executive. But men have their troubles, and the lady boss usually must entertain the ordinary hazards of business competition, with the added load of biological impedimenta.

ALWAYS — always she has the biological constrictions. Watch her in a crisis. Hysteria, tears, tantrums are just below the surface; they come readily into play whenever she is disturbed or distraught. Pit her judgment, her doggedness, her humor, her tolerance against those of a man, and see how little claim she has to these traits. The girls who work for her find her unfair, petty and jealous. A male executive can bank on the respect of his force. He can dispense favors, he can show interest in the progress of this or that youngster, and yet keep his distance. A woman almost always has a tendency to become familiar with subordinates. If she shows interest in a young employee, it is primarily a maternal interest. She is usually deeply concerned with the amours of her staff. The dress, deportment and behavior of the girl workers are her special care. If the general get-up of his girl employees are offensive to a man, he will deal peremptorily with the matter as one disturbing to the efficiency of his business. But the lady boss is never so happy as in bringing a flamboyant girl worker into a cordon of discipline, in dress and behavior.

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In general, she always finds, or creates, conditions and situations in business which permit her to satisfy, in some measure, the essence of her womanhood.

Come now the examples of the woman who is strikingly successful in politics; of the woman who has forged ahead as a manufacturer, or as the owner of her business. A woman in politics — that is an actual job holder in office — is not beset by the handicaps of her sister in business. If the political job calls for a staff, no such problem is present as confronts the lady boss in her attempt to build up an efficient business department. The male Government clerk is a routine worker. He is not a person of initiative, individuality and force. A wrong policy on the part of a business executive may disturb the delicately balanced equilibrium of the concern. Not so in politics. Here a woman may be a *woman* — the political machine has repeatedly shown its imperviousness to the direst maladministration.

And what about women who are manufacturers? Look into their history. Invariably you will find that the woman manufacturer creates articles which appeal to women. She is a successful maker of candy, of gift articles, she designs furniture; she makes apparel, she owns beauty parlors and similar concerns. Her aim is to create, not to rule. I know of a woman who heads a factory for the making of farm machinery. Bring forward several such examples, they will not disturb the verdict one iota. Such cases are symptomatic — they are not characteristic of women.

Can a woman be a successful business executive? I think not. There are jobs for which women are specifically fitted, and they are essential to such work. Wherever a woman can retain her assurance, she can accomplish her purpose, and having accomplished her purpose she is happy — she is successful. But that purpose must coördinate with the functions of her sex. Woman is too much differentiated to become adaptable as a business leader. There she is successful in ratio to her masculine, and not her feminine, qualities.

Then what is a woman to do? She has leisure, but she lacks the capacity to enjoy her leisure. She has ceased to be complacent. She must constantly seek excitement and recreation. She needs to relax, but she has lost the ability to relax. She talks at large about her progress since her emancipation from household cares, but her temperament and mentality have not evolved in pace with the shattering of her fetters.

Despite the fact that, emotionally, a woman is very much a woman — yet paradoxically the very definition of woman is taking on new shades. Previously it carried with it strikingly distinctive traits and qualities. Today it means hardly more than the physical structure which is peculiar to the female.

If woman is set for a definite goal, then her immediate history fails to reveal the destination of her aim. And if she is ultimately to achieve renown in business leadership, then there is little evidence of success among her sisters to encourage her in the fight.

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Wanted—the Personal Physician

By Harold C. Stuart, M.D.

Assistant Professor of Child Hygiene, Harvard Medical School

A plea for a new type of practitioner to replace the vanishing family doctor

Invaluable though his service has been, and picturesque though he was in his day, the old-time family physician is departing, never to return. Invoking the "good old days" of ten-foot snowdrifts and one-horse shays will not restore him. The stagecoach and the clipper ship were useful servants. Their disappearance is regretted, but they will never return because they are unfit to meet modern needs.

Medical needs demand a form and quality of service suited to this day and generation. The family physician of the old school on one round of visits might bring a child into the world, set a fractured leg, advise as to the children's diet, treat pneumonia, and face a baffling problem in diagnosis. This sort of general practice, noble though it was and necessary as it is today in isolated communities, does not meet, single-handed, the complex requirements of modern medicine. Nor is it the type of service best fitted to our urban civilization. Science has revamped life, changed business, and transformed industry. Medical practice without science has only slight survival value. Examples of the vital necessity of the scientific method in ministering to the sick, today, are not far to seek. Sugar-coated pills demand no scientific knowledge and technique. Insulin, which has transformed life for the diabetic patient, makes exacting demands. The dosage must be studied with extreme care, and varied to meet the changing condition of the patient. This condition must be determined by exact chemical measurements. Radium and X-ray offer other examples. They are valuable means of treatment but their handling must be scientific, else serious results ensue.

All of which does not mean that every general practitioner is inadequate; rather that no one man can offer the best possible service in all fields of medicine, and that those who would serve well in the general field must call freely on the specialist. The general practitioner's dilemma has been a puzzling one, both to himself and his patients. Some people hold loosely to the coat tails of a general practitioner for the comfort which he is willing to give in

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minor complaints, and show a mania for specialists when anything important develops. Others insist that the family physician deal with every exigency from a simple skin disorder to a serious surgical condition, and yet are quick to complain if all does not go well. He can no longer be expert in all of these fields, so must either content himself with giving inferior service or stoutly refuse to do much that is asked of him. Young men who are about to choose medicine as their life work view the dilemma, see the increasing complexity of procedure, and elect more and more to enter specialized fields.

YET the old-time family physician had something which deserves to live, not merely because of its inherent fineness, but because it is needed. I refer to a personal interest in, and knowledge of, his patient as an individual. Human understanding and sympathy, of such vital importance to the individual in illness, are conspicuously lacking in many a modern doctor's make-up. Some are so absorbed in the study of disease that they miss the humanity of the diseased. Others have been caught in the modern struggle for system, efficiency and speed. The lack is not wholly the physician's fault. Patients have intensified it by the popular custom of changing doctors.

Change is not the exclusive property of the medical world. The family homestead, about which generations centred their fondest memories, has given way to a varnished box of an apartment, changed without regret at frequent intervals. The old nurse, who often cared for children and grandchildren in the same family, has been replaced by a girl, engaged spasmodically, and ready to give up her position for the most trivial cause. In some communities, these peripatetics have become classified. "Sitters" just sit with the children. "Pushers" combine the sitting capacity with a willingness to perambulate with the baby carriage and its contents. "Sleepers" specialize in going to the extreme of actually staying in the home overnight.

HOWEVER sweeping these outward changes, the fundamental human desire for the personal service of a physician remains unchanged, and the personal element must be restored to medicine to meet this need. It can be restored only by one physician being made responsible for the entire health of an individual, and by that individual turning to one physician in all matters of health. Only then can the physician really understand the patient's physical and mental characteristics and be able to serve both as intelligent counsellor and sympathetic friend.

If in the instance of the President of the United States a personal physician is desirable, he would seem deserving of the consideration of plain citizens. An individual's personal health is as dear a concern to a limited group of his loved ones and friends as the health of the Chief Executive is to a larger group.

Before the days of quick transportation, the family was the obvious circle about which the physician's ministry revolved. When the doctor called, it was an occasion, frequently signalizing hard won triumph over distance, snowdrifts, and wash-outs.

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Grandfather, grandmother, the baby, mother, sonny — all touched the skirts of the doctor and often found healing. Changes in family life, the automobile — many other factors — have reconstructed the family. The individual assumes larger proportions, as the object of medical attention. Science and specialization have intensified the requirements forced upon the physician by the new order.

THE pediatrician, sometimes known as "children's specialist," stands out among the medical men of today as the nearest approach to the personal physician. His relation to his patients encompasses much of the best of the old-time family physician's functions. Further than that, the pediatrician, trained scientifically as he is, not only has a better equipment to care for child illnesses but is more thoroughly alive to the needs of prevention. He is in every way a physician of health as well as sickness.

Except in the matter of the age of his patients, the pediatrician is not a specialist. I once overheard a mother, asked if she had a pediatrician care for her children, declare that she had been brought up in a day when a different specialist wasn't needed for every finger of the hand. I was tempted to ask her what part of the human anatomy she considered her child. There are specialists in problems that apply particularly to childhood, but most pediatricians accept the general care of infants and children in both health and sickness.

The pediatrician's interest in the problems of well children — diet, rest, habits and so on — affords an excellent example of the field to be explored by the personal physician to the adult. An interest in health will be an important requirement in the future. In an Eastern town recently a clinic for well babies was started by a local organization. The governors proposed to put a pediatrician in regular charge. The general practitioners in the town opposed this, feeling that they could handle all problems by turn-and-turn-about. After a few months, however, they sent word to the governors recommending that the pediatrician take charge throughout the year. Their habits and viewpoints had not readjusted readily to the needs of a clinic where all the problems concerned well patients. Their workshop had for too many years been the sick room.

IF, THEN, the pediatrician is serving, with ever-increasing influence, as the personal physician of the children, who shall become the personal physician to the rest of the household? Will the pediatrician extend his ministrations to the older ones? Hardly; for the problems to be dealt with in early life are fundamentally different from those occurring in later years, and a different training, viewpoint and interest are essential. The reactions of an infant or a child to disease are vastly different from the reactions of an adult. Although most diseases occur in both age periods, the methods of diagnosis and treatment vary widely. Furthermore, growth, development, training, diseases of the newborn, infant hygiene and feeding, are special problems, requiring intensive study. The time required for a medical man to become

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proficient in both child and adult problems is more than many men can devote to training, and there are only a few rare individuals whose temperament and interests will not prove a handicap with one or the other age group. If a division is to be made, grouping by age is useful and the end of adolescence would seem a logical and convenient division.

As another candidate for personal physician, the man known in medical circles as "internist" may, and at times does, qualify admirably. However, he deals only with disease of the internal organs, chiefly the infectious and degenerative diseases, and is more properly a specialist in strictly medical conditions. He too often eliminates himself because of his habitual preoccupation with disease, as such. He is the right man in the right place when a patient is suffering from a serious disorder and a great help to the personal physician as specialist. Slight deviations from the normal which form no picture of disease, or mild common complaints, seldom interest the internist, and needless to say these are frequently of keen concern to the patient.

From every standpoint, the former general practitioner is the logical forerunner of the future personal physician. Instead of worrying over the encroachment of pediatricians and specialists upon his domain, he might better be developing the possibilities of preventive medicine and early diagnosis, relieved to have specialists available so that his patients can obtain the best medical service under all circumstances. The situation in many families who have adopted pediatricians for their children is unsatisfactory. The general practitioner is irritated by the loss of the children, and the parents miss for themselves the type of service they have learned to appreciate as given to their children.

Dr. George E. Vincent, President of the Rockefeller Foundation, has said: "If the general practitioner holds tenaciously to the idea that his chief function is to patch up people after they are broken down, I fear he is going to have a hard time. But if he comes gradually to look at his job in a new way, if he thinks of himself, and is regarded by the community, primarily as a counsellor of health, if he is going to discover and deal with diseases in their incipient stages, if he is going to specialize on diagnosis and become an expert in personal hygiene, then he seems to have a long and inspiring vista of satisfying work opening up before him." The reference in this quotation to the general practitioner's need to concentrate on diagnosis as well as prevention should be emphasized in connection with the personal physician. He will be the first called in case of any illness and it is therefore of the utmost importance that he be an expert in diagnosis. If he is to decide when a surgeon shall be summoned, he must recognize the early signs of surgical conditions; and act promptly if the surgeon is to secure the best result.

A friend of mine more than two years ago began to lose appetite and weight, and to tire easily. Having lost a brother some years before from tuberculosis, she went to a well-known physician and explained the situation. A careful physical examination revealed nothing, so she was

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merely given some advice as to diet. A year later her symptoms were more pronounced and her mother insisted upon another examination. Again finding nothing, the physician assured the patient that all was well, and suggested that as she was the baby of the family, her mother was too solicitous regarding her condition. He apparently assumed the patient and her mother to be neurotic. Had he known them more intimately he would have dismissed this possibility absolutely. As a result of his remarks, my friend refused to heed her family's suggestions regarding rest, and accepted a business position requiring unusual activity.

Within six months a hemorrhage from her lung took her back to the doctor who now advised an X-ray examination. The picture showed a tuberculous process which was obviously of considerable duration and required a long period of cure. An X-ray taken at an earlier visit would undoubtedly have spared this individual much time and anxiety. A personal physician really interested in maintaining health and trained in early diagnosis of disease would be alert to the possible significance of her symptoms, would keep in close touch with her even though she had not yet developed lung signs, and would not wait for hemorrhage before securing an X-ray. The vague complaints of an apparently well individual did not focus this physician's attention and interest.

I am not suggesting that these problems are always easy. Far from it. Too much medical "petting" is distinctly harmful for some people. I am calling attention to the advantage of having the physician know intimately and be personally interested in his patient, with that interest extending to him in health as well as in illness.

On the patient's side there is little tendency to develop this relationship. Adults generally have not formed the habit of assigning the care of their health to one physician, but prefer to do nothing until disease gets well under way and then to shop around among specialists. The mother is apt to have developed confidence in her obstetrician, and to look to him for occasional medical advice, even between pregnancies. The young husband prides himself on being well and, when serious illness develops, usually places himself in the hands of a specialist, often choosing a man in the wrong field, so that changes in personnel frequently are necessary.

People are awakening to the desirability of keeping their children well by regular scientific supervision, by preventive inoculations against diphtheria and the like, but only in rare instances apply the same logic to themselves. Adults would do well to adopt a regular personal physician whom they see at least once a year for general health examination, whom they come to know and respect while in health, who will secure coöperation and confidence in time of illness, and who will be left in complete charge regardless of what specialists may be consulted. There are, at present, in most communities physicians well fitted and willing to give this type of service; but their numbers will diminish rather than increase if people treat them as incompetent

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and inferior because they do not call themselves specialists.

The best interests of each individual require the regular services of one personal physician; collectively the family may best be served by two physicians with different training. In smaller, isolated communities, one man will still have to serve in both capacities, but from necessity rather than choice. Perfect harmony should exist between these two physicians after their patients have been clearly defined, and if both are definitely limiting their practice to exclusive age periods. Thus will be avoided the embarrassment of having a pediatrician in occasional attendance where a general practitioner feels that the children are part of his clientèle. Family problems may then be handled by friendly conference between the personal physician of the children and of the adults.

THE dangers of over specialization disappear with such a personal physician in charge. All others are specialists, called in only to meet special situations, and then with the consent and advice of the personal physician. The better specialists, realizing the inadvisability of assuming sole responsibility for the general health of an individual, often refuse to give specialized treatment without general medical supervision and cooperation.

Any community is fortunate to have a good specialist available in any field of medicine, and the enlightened, conscientious practitioner is delighted to have expert advice when confronted with a difficult situation. The captain of a steamer calls for a pilot when he approaches a strange harbor, the pilot having studied that particular harbor until he knows every danger and every requirement for safe navigation. The best captain in the world cannot be expected to know all the details of every harbor, and the captain who refuses to call a pilot, asserting that he knows as much himself, places himself under suspicion. In the days of the voyages of discovery, captains were compelled by circumstances to navigate their own ships through uncharted seas. They became extremely skilful in so doing. In like manner, the family physician of the past handled unknown situations remarkably well without any advice, because no one better informed was available. The pilot was thus developed long before the medical specialist because the care and protection of property have outranked the care and protection of life. We now have available to a large and rapidly increasing proportion of the population, specialists — medical pilots — to help the physician sail through dangerous and unusual situations.

THE captain does not abandon his ship when the pilot comes aboard. He turns over the responsibility for the navigating operations to the pilot, but the captain still commands and is responsible. If he loses confidence in his pilot he seeks another. The specialist in medicine must assist and advise, but never supplant the personal physician. One of the most serious disadvantages resulting from the development of specialists is the habit which many people have formed, of securing the names of different specialists, and,

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when illness occurs, visiting the one in whose field they believe their difficulty to be located. Thousands of tonsils are removed unnecessarily because patients with sore throat have gone straight off to a throat specialist. Not that the specialist wilfully makes business for himself, but he knows nothing of the individual's background and makes his decision largely upon the local appearances which at the time may be unusually bad.

MY ATTENTION was called recently to a little girl who had been given a spinal manipulation. The mother called in the manipulator because the child complained of pain in her back. She undoubtedly would have called an orthopedist if the pain had been in the feet. The next morning the pain was better, but the child had chicken-pox, whereupon a pediatrician was called. The back pain undoubtedly was an early symptom of the general infection. To avoid this kind of incident, and not because of senseless, hidebound ethics, the best specialists insist upon the patient's personal physician if there is one.

Every personal physician must be free to decide for himself when he needs help. He also should be quick to sense any uncertainty or lack of confidence felt by his patient, and be ready to secure a consultant's opinion, even though he may feel perfectly confident himself.

Certain of the so-called "special schools" of medicine have something of real value to add to the sum total of medical thought and practice. The disciples of these schools, however, meeting with pronounced success in certain cases, become overzealous and try to apply their theories to the entire field of medicine, in disregard of the accumulated knowledge of science and medical experience. Thus they become helpful to some patients, and dangerous to others. No one is fitted to be a personal physician unless thoroughly trained in the fundamental medical sciences.

SHOULD the personal physician care for a mother during pregnancy and deliver her in labor, or should an obstetrician render these services? This question is being answered in our larger communities by medical practitioners refusing to practise obstetrics, and by mothers insisting upon expert attention. This tendency deserves encouragement. The period of pregnancy is exceedingly important for both mother and child. The hours of labor are more dangerous for the infant than any other period of life. Many infant lives may be saved, much permanent damage to infants avoided, and mothers spared a great deal of suffering by expert obstetrical care. Although most pregnancies and labors run a natural course without serious effects upon mother or child, the incidence of difficulties is sufficiently great and the possibilities of prevention are sufficiently apparent, to justify every mother in seeking the best available obstetrical care.

The obstetrician must either be adopted as the individual of choice in all maternity practice, or else all of those who are to qualify as personal physicians must be given far more adequate training and clinical experience in the care of pregnancy and labor than they receive in our medical schools today. Although wise and skilful interference with the normal

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process of birth in many cases will reduce the mother's suffering and the chances of damage to her infant, interference by those inadequately trained increases the incidence of infant and maternal deaths. There is, therefore, some justification for the belief that a well-trained midwife who knows enough not to interfere in any way, is safer than an insufficiently experienced physician who tries to do something. It is doubtful that the modern American woman would be content to revert to the midwife for obstetrical care, even though well trained midwives were available. It is to be hoped that the services of skilful obstetricians will become available to a rapidly increasing number of women for the care of pregnancy and labor, but the obstetrician should never supplant the permanent personal physician.

THE medical service I have outlined — personal physician regularly with specialist on occasion — will cost more than the old-time family physician, just as a modern fireproof school building costs more per child than the little red school house. Whether such medical service is economically sound is another matter. Inadequate medical service is not cheap at any price. The total cost of illness, and not the individual physician's fee, is what must be considered. There are many people who would rather pay a physician $2 for each of five visits than $5 for each of two visits, even when the same or more is accomplished.

The cost of medical care is tremendously high, due to a variety of causes. In fact, some of the most important causes could be eliminated. First, unwise or unnecessary use of the services of specialists. If they were only called to deal with problems which perplexed the regular physician, and upon his request, the deaths of specialists from starvation might mount momentarily, but the cost of medical care would be reduced. The duplication of medical opinion is also expensive. A little more care in the choice of a consultant and a little more willingness to abide by his opinion and advice would prove a great factor in economy. The custom of collecting a list of "perfectly wonderful physicians" and then running from one to another, is uneconomic as well as foolish. The regular use of a personal physician and the early seeking of his advice in case of illness would also prove a great economy by preventing much needless incapacity.

IF THE cost of medical service is not to rise beyond reasonable bounds, it must be chosen with discretion. The patient is unfit to make such choice wisely. He should find a personal physician; stick to him, and leave the choice of specialists, when, as and if needed, to this guide, philosopher and friend. To such a challenge physicians will surely respond; and we may hope for more of the old-time sympathy, devotion and confidence to accompany this personal physician-patient relationship.

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Those Sons of Wild Jackasses

By Ray T. Tucker

Intimate sketches of the Rebels who have commandeered the Senate

There may have been more truth than truculence in Senator George H. Moses's characterization of certain Progressive and Democratic leaders of the United States Senate as "sons of the wild jackass." For since the wise-cracking son of a New Hampshire minister, by his apparent attempt to discredit the coalition controlling the Upper House of Congress, drew nation-wide notice to these howling prophets from Western wildernesses, there has proceeded from numerous noncomformist sources the suggestion that "the wild ass" of Biblical times was a creature possessing qualities of sturdiness and stubbornness sorely needed in the political stable. In any event, it is because of the possession of these virtues — or vices — that the small group of Old Testament Senators seems to be growing rather than diminishing in power. Moreover, Moses has given them an even more mulish spirit, and inspired in them a donkey-like desire to bear the responsibilities as well as the burdens of the worthy beast to which he likened them.

Though the public may not realize it, these "sons of the wild jackass" have been running the Senate for almost a decade. It was they who placed that body on the front page in the years that followed the World War. It was the fierce fights which they waged against both Democratic and Republican Administrations, sometimes with the wholehearted but whispered support of Moses and fellow-Stalwarts, that robbed the House of Representatives of the dominant position it enjoyed before and during the war years. It was, for instance, Borah of Idaho, Johnson of California, Norris of Nebraska, and "Jim" Reed of Missouri, who blocked confirmation of Charles Beecher Warren as Attorney-General. It was Caraway of Arkansas who sponsored and stage-managed the lobby inquiry.

It was Walsh of Montana who uncovered the oil scandals and demonstrated that even $100,000,000 can be convicted and deposited in the hoosegow. It was Brookhart of Iowa and Wheeler of Montana who drove Harry M. Daugherty from the Cabinet and forced a house cleaning of the Department of Justice and its annex, "the little green house on K-Street."

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There have, too, been numerous other victories gained in the face of Presidential protests and the mobilized force of public opinion. Though their sorties have frequently been of a savage and spectacular nature, some well-meant measures have been pressed through the Senate by these unsmiling Spartans, only to suffer defeat in the House, where every reference to the Senatorial incapacity to legislate except in a turbulent manner provokes guffaws. It is no exaggeration to say, in review, that the "sons of the wild jackass" have been the dominant influence on Capitol Hill since the last year of Woodrow Wilson's Administration.

At the present moment, this "gyrating crew," to lapse into another of Moses's unpleasant colloquialisms, is riding the Senate bareback style. Their control may be due in part to the reinforcements they receive from partisan Democrats, but theirs are the insurgency and inspiration. Though in a minority, it is the "sons of the wild jackass" who, lifting up their tongues and heels at daily huddlings in Senator Borah's barn-like office, plan the strategy that irritates "witty George." Except to those who, through years of observation, appreciate the ability, independence and resourcefulness of the insurgent band, their victories seem to partake of the miraculous.

It would seem, too, that fate fights on their side, for the very years which saw the West sending able and alert men to the Senate witnessed an amazing decline in the stature of their colleagues from the East. Within a decade the conservative seaboard States have lost such irreplaceable spokesmen as Lodge and Weeks of Massachusetts, Brandegee of Connecticut, Dillingham of Vermont, Fernald of Maine, Colt of Rhode Island, Penrose of Pennsylvania and Wadsworth of New York. Meanwhile, the tide of political unrest, tumbling across the plains and mountains, has swept into Washington men who yearn to be "the captains of their souls" even if their individualistic ideas of navigation steer the Republican Ship of State upon the rocks.

They have brought with them a genius for rebellion, due, in part, to their environment. The elder group, it must be remembered, got their political tutoring in a day when Bryan and Roosevelt were sending the West into spasms over such spectres as trusts, Wall Street domination, imperialism and selfish politicians of the East; the youngsters owe their start in politics to the West's suspicion that Eastern financial and industrial interests were responsible for post-war deflation in the agricultural region. Except for a few who have grown gray in political service, they are small-town lawyers, editors, erstwhile teachers and business men, and they have the outlook of this self-centred class. For them life has been real and earnest, and there has been little opportunity for social or financial advancement. Many of them, no doubt, do not yet own a swallow-tail or a pair of striped trousers. Theirs is not a compromising spirit, and this lack of the give-and-take philosophy may, with their want of a sense of humor, be their greatest weakness,

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but it has often proved to be their strength.

In Borah the coalition has the most eloquent member, though the most mercurial; in Norris the ablest parliamentarian; in Brookhart the most impervious; in Walsh the shrewdest lawyer; in Blaine of Wisconsin the most plodding; in "Young Bob" La Follette of the same State the headiest; in Howell of Nebraska the most studious; in Norbeck of South Dakota the most brutally outspoken; in McMaster of the same State the most "radical;" in Shipstead, Minnesota Farmer-Laborite, the handsomest "son of a wild jackass" ever to move in the exclusive circles of Capital society. Though their Democratic associates, especially the patrician Carter Glass of Virginia, deprecate mention of a "coalition," and like to maintain the fiction that the Progressives are merely accepting Democratic leadership, the minority members contribute many assets. Glass himself possesses a power of invective unsurpassed, and a knowledge of finances which equals Andrew W. Mellon's. Wheeler ranks as the most reckless member on either side, Caraway as the man with the meanest tongue, and Harrison of Mississippi as the wittiest. It is, in short, a formidable group of bothersome and badgering broncos.

NEVERTHELESS, these "sons of the wild jackass" can reconcile their own differences, which in some respects are as abysmal as those that separate them from the Stalwarts, when they deem it expedient. Whereas the "regulars" cannot seem to compose the leadership claims voiced by Messrs. Watson, Reed, Jones, McNary and Smoot, the Progressives have, for the moment, submerged their prima donna-like aspirations. Recognizing the value of Borah's participation in plots against the Administration he helped to elect, they have impressed him into leadership, despite his constitutional tendency to run out whenever he discovers that he is in peril of becoming unorthodox. Such Machiavellians as Norris and "Young Bob" yield to Borah at every turn and twist; they consult him hourly and stage their daily conferences around his desk. To him they have held out the promise of headlines and "honorification," and the Idahoan has succumbed, as ever, to those temptations.

THOUGH he was Hoover's shiniest champion in the campaign, Borah has been manœuvered into a position of complete antagonism to the White House on foreign and domestic matters. When he realizes how far he has strayed from the path of conservatism, he will undoubtedly beat it back to political regularity, but at present he heads the mad gallop. For a while there were fears that he would desert the coalition, and wagers were made by his associates that he would not cross the Rubicon by delivering an address in favor of the debenture plan of farm relief. He did, indeed, plead a cold on the day he was scheduled to make his original speech for the bounty, but he later shocked himself and his allies by going through with his heresy. So Mr. Borah, despite his horror of political adventuring, as he demonstrated when he deserted Roosevelt and Johnson in 1912, finds himself the top kicker in the stampede.

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Shaggy-maned, lonely figure on a political hillock of his own, beloved for his intellectual independence but bewildering because of his desperate dashes for the party whiffletree each reëlection year, the Sage from Idaho may, through faithful adherence to Progressive philosophy, achieve at last a brighter place in Senatorial memoirs than he has won by past triumphs. Yet it is difficult not to feel sorry for him. In his reminiscent moments he must suffer at the thought that he emerges from a career which started so promisingly toward the White House as a sort of step-son of the "wild jackass."

THE actual leaders of the present movement are Norris and "Young Bob" — the one a grizzly-haired veteran whose slow pace and shadowed visage reflect two-score years of political strife, the other a black-haired, boyish figure beginning a career which many predict will be more conspicuous than his father's. The relationship between the two, the father's friend and the son, is almost parental. When "Young Bob" arises to address the Senate, the older man swings full around in his chair so that he may catch the boy's every word and move, and unconcealed love and admiration shine in the tired Nebraskan's eyes. It is little wonder that the Cromwellian Roundhead and the enthusiastic boy have so much in common. Norris, as the bravest Progressive of them all, knows what it is to suffer for his beliefs; his desertion of his lifelong party to follow "Al" Smith has left scars. "Young Bob," as son of a man hated and denounced more bitterly than any American since the Civil War, springs from a household bloody but unbowed. Though young in years, La Follette, like Norris, is old in political knowledge and experience. At the age of 24 he became his father's secretary; at 25 he was chairman of the Republican State Committee of Wisconsin; at 29 he was vice-chairman of his father's Presidential campaign committee; at 30, the minimum age, he became a Senator. Now 34, his father's friends believe his achievements will surpass those of "Old Bob," largely because the son shows more balance. Whereas "the old man," as he is affectionately remembered, would never compromise even on non-essentials, the son will yield to conquer, if necessary.

EXCEPT for Norris, La Follette is credited with more political sense, industry and courage than the rest of the herd. He has exhibited a grasp of the chemical schedule of the tariff measure, the one assigned to him in the Progressives' division of responsibility, worthy of a more experienced statesman. In defending publication of secret roll calls on the West and Lenroot nominations, "Young Bob" stood on their heads such oldsters as Moses and Reed of Pennsylvania. Indeed, these two gentlemen were made to appear ridiculous when the Senator from Wisconsin had finished his two-day attack on their proposal to muzzle the press. For one thing he revealed, with charity rather than malice, that Reed himself had been guilty when it suited him of disclosing discussions which went on behind closed doors. On numerous occasions La Follette's quick thinking has saved

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the situation for "the sons of the wild jackass." Withal, he makes friends easily, and the Stalwarts love him, as they did his father.

IF IN "Young Bob" the Progressives have a tempered blade, they have a Gibraltar of granite in Norris. In moments of discouragement he is their rock, their refuge, their "stone-wall." His life has been a constant struggle. As county attorney, district judge, member of the House and Senator, he has lived, it seems, only to fight. Not that he seeks quarrels, for he prefers quiet hours with his slippers, his long-stemmed pipe and his books amidst the ferns and flowers of his apartment home on the top floor of the building that houses the Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals of the Methodist Church. It seems that he was destined for the political wars. He had been in the House only a few years before he was named a manager in the famous impeachment proceedings against Judge Archbald — the trial which so heartened crusading Progressives of an earlier day. He spent many tedious days and nights as floor marshal in the fight on Cannonism, and if he grows weary and disillusioned at times, the beginnings of despair may spring from the long hours when he patrolled the floor day and night lest the parliamentary power and trickery of his foes prevail. Norris still gives the impression that he has never recovered the sleep lost in that mighty conflict, but it is only his eyes that blink. Deep down the blaze of battle burns as bright as ever, despite his recent reference to himself as "almost too old to be useful."

Alone of all the Progressives Norris declared for Smith against President Hoover — a brave but futile gesture in the face of the Democratic candidate's Prohibition views. So disheartening was the outcome that the Senator decided to quit, but reports that the Administration was grooming a man to oppose him brought him back to the lists. "I would rather be right than regular," he roared as he challenged his enemies to unseat him. Now, almost sixty-nine years old, he is girding for another battle — "the last and the best," perhaps.

His loss would be the severest setback the Progressives could suffer. No Senator equals him in parliamentary skill, as he demonstrated when he forced the Senate into the ridiculous position of passing three separate Muscle Shoals bills within a few days. Though one measure had been adopted by both House and Senate, and sent to conference, the Nebraskan contrived to prevent its enactment, thereby holding open the door for possible passage of his own measure for Government ownership and operation. His selflessness is another of his characteristics. In his earlier years he was overshadowed by Roosevelt, subsequently by Borah and by "Old Bob" La Follette until the latter's death. Now, in the days of his glory, he again bows to Borah out of devotion to the cause.

BETWEEN Norris, urbane even in his ugliest moods, and Smith W. Brookhart there is a sharp contrast. Yet it is quite possible to misunderstand the Iowan by judging him simply from his "smelling and tell-

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ing" on the Wall Street broker who served liquor at the Senatorial dinner. Had the host not been from Manhattan's street of all evil, Brookhart might not have told. He is, without any question, the maverick of them all; he symbolizes the supposedly uncouth and untamed forces which Moses meant to disparage. His middle name is "Wildman," and he lives up — or down — to it. Life has treated him hard, but he has never winced. Teaching school, reading law, serving his country in three wars, being kicked out of the Senate one minute and reëlected the next, Brookhart has had neither time nor desire to cultivate personal pity or graces.

A BULKY, brute figure, he looks his best and typifies the massive power of the hewers and drawers when, on the rifle range, he climbs into his favorite pair of loose overalls. Careless of speech and people's feelings, as he is of dress, this Iowa farmer is the Senatorial embodiment of all the "isms" of angry armies of otherwise conservative and conventional agriculturists. Strangely, he is also the most cheerful prophet of the Progressives' millennium to be found in Washington, and countless disappointments do not daunt him. For all that, the very inertia and imponderability of the man's attitude make him a valuable ally; more than any other, he never knows when he is beaten or browbeaten. Moreover, in cataloguing the Iowa rebel, it must be remembered that he has been the champion marksman of the world, and one does not hit bull's-eyes without persistence, a stout heart and a steady grip.

Hiram Johnson revels in revolution, unless his desire for high tariffs on California peanuts and lemons induces orthodoxy, and he is almost a man without a party. Many years of personal disappointment have quite quelled the partisan spirit, leaving him dour, grumpy, revengeful. A man peculiarly susceptible to prejudice and personal buffetings, he lacks the impersonal temper of Borah or Norris. Yet he can hardly be blamed. In the White House sits his ancient foe, whose first political effort was to contest for California's Presidential delegation against the victorious Johnson in 1920. The two made up after a fashion for campaign purposes, but the recent White House snub has revived the feeling of other days.

DAY after day Hiram is to be seen hunched forward in his front row seat in the Senate, his fingers playing political taps on his paunchy stomach, a deep scowl upon his fatherly face. And what a disappointing career he has to look back upon, if his advancement is measured by his aspirations! Had he not consented to be Roosevelt's Vice-Presidential mate in 1912, he might conceivably have been his party's standard-bearer in 1916, the year in which he prevented Charles Evans Hughes from becoming President. Even more grievous must be his thoughts of a midnight conference at Chicago in 1920 when, so legend runs, the Vice-Presidential nomination was offered him after Warren G. Harding had been selected for first place. Johnson, aiming at the Presidency, is said to have rolled over in bed, pulled the sheets about his leonine head and

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turned his face to the flowered wall-paper. There, as later events demonstrated, was tragedy. . . .

Senator Peter Norbeck of South Dakota has been quite neglected in the roll call of "wild jackasses," especially as he is, perhaps, the "wildest" of all. He never forgets an enemy or a friend, and he does not know fear or caution. Unlike some of the others, he has no suppressed pride of place. He started life as a well-driller, and boasts of it. He makes no attempt to conceal his broad Scandinavian accent, which, with his plain dress, gives him the cast of a prosperous butcher. He is chairman of the important Banking and Currency Committee, but he laughingly admits that he turns over all knotty problems of legislation to Glass or Duncan Fletcher of Florida. Seemingly a naïve and childlike spirit, "Pete," as he is known, is political boss of his State and one of the smartest politicians in the Senate; his naïveté is an affectation and armament.

IT WAS he who filled *The Congressional Record* during the 1928 primary campaign with documents directed toward those episodes in President Hoover's life susceptible of political attack. Hoover's Presidential opponents — Watson, Goff, Curtis and Willis — furnished the material, but Norbeck gave it articulation. His savory comments on prominent personalities and happenings, delivered in a Scandinavian servant girl's brogue, delight his colleagues. Of the recent market collapse he had this observation, "Vell, vot goes up must come down;" thereby demonstrating his qualifications for his Banking and Currency chairmanship.

Among the jackass herd Senator Glass seems as lost as Henry Ford would be in a chair of philosophy at Heidelberg. Only his intense spirit of partisanship binds this cultured, classical and old-fashioned Virginian to the riot squad from the West. He is a typical Southern gentleman, or, as his friends humorously add, he was until he came to the Senate, where his genteel traditions are sorely tried. Until his entry into national politics, first as a member of the House and later as Wilson's Secretary of the Treasury, Glass's life moved in an even *tempo* in the soft shade of Lynchburg, where he owns and edits the leading newspaper in that section of the Blue Ridge. Short of stature but mighty in influence, he has to his credit authorship of the most important pieces of legislation in many, many years — the Federal Reserve Law.

HIS is the sharpest tongue in the Senate. Excessively high-strung, he roams the centre aisle of the chamber during debate like a ferocious animal, suddenly to shake his head fiercely, throw up his arms and turn upon an offending foe with maniacal vigor. He has high regard for the Senate's prestige, and during a recent controversy with the House his voice was heard almost daily to describe his antagonists as "contumacious gentlemen." To the coalition he is a tower of strength where they need it most. With his vast knowledge of questions affecting the tariff, taxes and national finances, he serves to offset their opponents' Goliath, Andrew W. Mellon.

"Thaddeus H. Caraway, Democrat, Jonesboro," as the Arkansan

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lists himself in *The Congressional Directory*, is a smarter Tom Heflin. Born in the same raw and resentful environment that gave the Alabaman to the anti-papal bloc, Caraway absorbed the same loves and hates.

He got his fairy stories and his politics from the knees of ageing Confederate heroes bleeding under the whip and gun of Northern reconstructionists. His own father, legend says, was murdered by persecutors of a broken and beaten South, and the half-orphan was left in the place of his birth, Nigger Heel Swamp, to survive as best he could. Through a Darwinian struggle he has risen to the Senate with rancor in his heart toward Republicans, Yankee influences, the great financial interests — a respecter of no person or privilege. He is a political porcupine rather than a "wild jackass;" to touch him is to regret it.

His is the most waspish tongue in the Senate, differing from Glass's as a rowdy streetboy's insults do from a philippic. I have seen many a Senator slump into his seat rather than engage in repartee with the stooping, poorly dressed Arkansan. Possessed of a more orderly and balanced mind than Heflin, Caraway rips his opponent apart, sprinkles acid on the wounds and sidles from the chamber before his victim can compose himself for an answer. A hawklike district attorney in his youth, he displays a devastating faculty for clarifying and summarizing situations which lobby witnesses or Republican floor leaders would prefer to camouflage.

Grim, gray and gaunt, Walsh of Montana is one of the most picturesque members of the "jackass" coalition, if not of the Senate. Though a most worthy Progressive, his Liberalism differs from that of a Norris or La Follette. Their Progressivism proceeds from their hearts, from a simple sympathy with the downtrodden, from hatred of the oppressors. Walsh's is bounded on all sides by reason; not until Progressive principles have penetrated his judicial mind do they move him, and then not outwardly. Whereas the others' outcries may leave them trembling, their hair awry, their cravats flapping, their voices shaking, Walsh's reactions are cold and mechanical, though quite as effective. His face may assume an even whiter pallor and his voice a sharper edge, but there is no apparent emotional response. For that reason, perhaps, he ranks as one of the greatest lawyers inside or outside the Senate.

His integrity holds the respect of all factions. To friend and foe he appeared at his best that autumn evening when, to his chagrin and amazement, his oil inquiry disclosed Edward L. Doheny, the Senator's friend, as owner of the "little black bag" that had carried $100,000 in cash to Albert B. Fall. Seemingly unmindful of their long friendship, Walsh gazed into the baby-blue eyes of the old prospector from across the committee table, and wrung from him a story which, at the moment, seemed to mean jail and disgrace. Through several black hours the inquisitor never faltered.

Yet that night, alone in his apartment, Walsh all but wept. Between himself and Doheny there had existed those intangible ties upon

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which intimate friendships twine — a common birth State, religion and political affiliations. Like himself, Doheny had had to struggle against sore odds for the little portion of fame and fortune which Walsh's cross-examination had swept away on the scorching winds of public shame and contumely. Walsh, the son of a poor woodcutter in a humble Wisconsin home, the lad who had earned a few pennies by lighting the gas lamps of the town of Two Rivers, the youth who taught himself the two professions of teaching and the law — he knew only too well how hard-won had been his old friend's solacing rewards and personal comforts. And so this grim Irishman, this relentless prosecutor, this embodied brain, broke down as he poured forth to a mutual friend his wretchedness. This incident on the evening of his greatest triumph reflects but one of the numerous paradoxes of a figure whom few can fathom.

In this scene, too, resembling so strangely the torture chamber of the Spanish Inquisition, may be found the source of the strength of the "sons of the wild jackasses."

Old Shaman

By Lilian White Spencer

My son was killed in war against the whites,
My son's son starved on their way of exile,
The son of my son's son is at the white school.
I would have taught him Navajo magic:
Lightnings and thunders in the medicine-house
While bright noon laughs outside;
Wonder of the holy corn grown from kernel to ripe ear
In a day;
Songs that bring sunrise and sunset to the sacred room.
No other of my blood will swallow great plumed arrows
And bathe in fire without hurt.
I am last to stand the long eagle feather on end,
Making it dance, a living thing.
None will come after to see in deeps of the *boganda* water-bowl
All that was and is and will be.
The son of my son's son reads a book
He counts one and two.

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The Jazz Age in Finance

By Paul Willard Garrett

Will stocks again reach their 1929 peak?

All market breaks since the 1921 beginnings of the Coolidge-Mellon-Hoover bull market have been turned into ordinary episodes by the rich man's panic of 1929, so recently witnessed. Even the March, 1926, drop of 16 per cent, although it seemed serious enough at the time, is now viewed as an incident in a major forward movement.

The country had seen but four major "bear" markets in the last quarter of a century. Until the September-October-November introductions to the ursine animal last year, the present generation of investors had not met the beast. To them it was a creature of history. For their enjoyment had come a new era of permanently high stock prices and perpetual prosperity. It seemed almost too good to be true, but true apparently it was. Then somebody flicked a match. The country took fright. It suddenly turned seller. The world was treated to a spectacle of falling quotations exceeding in the blazing terror of its threat any market conflagration ever witnessed by a nation of interested but helpless by-standers.

Whether we call the decline of 1929 another major bear market or a violent corrective set-back, it will go down in history along with the great bear markets of 1903, 1907, 1916–1917 and 1919–1920. Values indeed were swept down further from their highs last fall than during any previous bear market.

Specifically the general level of market prices fell 48 per cent this time, whereas declines for previous bear markets had ranged from 38 to 45 per cent. But the story of the recent market casualties is not fully told by a comparison of the percentage drop with earlier bear movements. The number of rich people hit and the breath-taking speed of the fall were among its most striking features.

Instead of a safeguard, fat margins were the market's ruin. The man on a narrow margin of loans at his bank or broker's came through better this time than the man who went into the autumn with a 50 or 75 per cent safety zone that he could not maintain. The narrowly-margined fellow was crowded out early in the game. He sold when bids for stock were firm. The 50 and 75 per cent speculators were lulled into the sleep of the drugged. They believed them-

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selves beyond reach. They were slow to let go. When finally the limits of their margins drew near the scramble to sell brought on hysteria, a disruption of the Stock Exchange's mechanical facilities, panic. Their squeeze came when prices were low and when bids were scarce.

Too long a familiarity with high altitudes for stocks had led some people to think in terms of points rather than percentages. Seventy-five or 100 points on General Electric seemed a reasonable safety margin to the man who had followed it up from 200 or 300 to 400. That theory proved disastrous. The general market fell 48 per cent but it fell 183 points.

CONSIDER within how brief a space this record decline was compressed. The 48 per cent or 183 points were all lost at some time between September 3 and November 13 — largely, indeed, in three or four trading sessions. This is significant in comparison with the past. The panic of 1903 carried stocks down 38 per cent from the February 16, 1903, high to the November 9, 1903, low, a period of nine months. But the total loss was only 26 points. The bear market that culminated in the panic of 1907 brought a 45 per cent drop, but from the levels then prevailing that reflected only 42 points from the extreme high on January 7, 1907, to the extreme low on November 15, 1907 — eleven months. The bear market of 1916–1917 lowered values 40 per cent, which meant 44 points, between November 21, 1916, and December 19, 1917 — thirteen months. The post-war bear market of 1919–1920 reduced values 44 per cent, which reflected a drop of 53 points, between November 3, 1919, and December 21, 1920 — more than thirteen months.

In all panics previous to 1929 the stockholder had been able to make a decent landing. At least there was time to sight solid ground and head for it. The market this time went into a tailspin from which few could extricate themselves.

BEFORE answering the question whether stocks will ever again reach the early September peaks, let us observe that they always have returned to their highs in the past. What they may do in the future is another matter, perhaps. At least up to the present the stock market has never failed to make up its loss in a major bear recession, and never failed when that job was finished to move on higher.

But that is not all. Each succeeding bottom in every major bear market since 1900 has been higher than the one before. The bottom registered by the Dow-Jones industrial averages in the 1903 panic was 42.15. That in 1907 was 53.00. In 1916–1917 it was 65.95. In 1919–1920 it was 66.75. The November 13, 1929, bottom, if bottom that be, was 198.69.

Unless new forces in American corporate development threaten to reverse the trend in profits, presumably the public's confidence in common stocks eventually will again restore the September peaks — but when? Has the lusty bull market of eight years' growth been thoroughly deflated? May we reasonably reckon that the November 13 prices represented bottom?

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Things seem high or low only by comparison. A 48 per cent or 183 point drop from the September 3 high made the November 13 industrial lows seem low indeed. They seemed far down the slope to the man who had his eyes fixed on the towering peaks above. But let him turn and look below to the valleys from which stocks rose if he would test altitudes. For even at the November 13 bottoms stocks were commanding price levels twice those prevailing throughout 1923 and 1924.

ALL economists will agree that stocks were thoroughly deflated in the summer of 1921. Then can we speak with assurance in calling the November 13 levels deflated? Stocks even then were selling at three times their August, 1921, prices.

The statistical case against the public utility stocks is worse. The Standard Statistics Company's index of utility stocks fell 55.6 per cent or 196.5 points between September 23 and November 13 — from 353.1 to 156.6. Surely there was deflation for you. But let us look down the slope.

The setback of March, 1926, was precipitated in part by a soaring market in public utility stocks. Before the bubble burst utilities rose to what then seemed a towering peak on February 6, 1926, of 106.3. From the November 13 bottom public utility stocks would have had to fall another 32 per cent to get down to their early 1926 peaks. And of course if we look beyond to the levels of 1923 or 1924 and of 1921 the altitude of the utilities seems still a dizzy one.

Now it does not follow necessarily that industrial or public utility stocks will ever get back to the 1921 levels. But it takes some such comparisons of hard facts to make us view current happenings in perspective. Up to 1925 stock prices in this country had moved within reasonable limits. The Dow-Jones industrial averages up to the beginning of that year had never touched 125. They had been as high as 100 in 1906, 1909, 1916, 1919, 1922, 1923 and 1924.

THE jazz age in finance began after 1926. Stock prices with the growth of a country-wide speculative fever developed a *tempo*. They doubled and trebled. There seemed no limit to the heights that the market might reach. The more the market rose the more reckless those in it became. By early September last year people were admitting openly that their interest in buying stock was to get the ride. Yields for idle funds long before had ceased to be the objective of the search.

The average return available on common stocks at September peak prices was only 2.88 per cent. Stocks were not earning their keep. Quality bonds were simultaneously selling to yield 4.87 per cent.

Up to early 1928 stocks in this country had always sold at levels yielding more than bonds. From then on to the 1929 break the disparity widened steadily. Rising stock prices drove the indicated return on stock investments down. Falling bond prices lifted yields on fixed interest-bearing obligations.

A variety of causes for last autumn's panic have been set down by the commentators but the explanations do not shed much light. European liquidation, the rapid expan-

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sion in brokers' loans, the heavy emission of new securities largely of the investment trust or finance company variety, and the tariff, each has been blamed.

But these seem thin cords by which to hang the destiny of a great bull market. A market of strong supports would not have collapsed on the failure of any one of them.

All of these things could have gone wrong without wrecking a market built solid all the way up. Time and again in the past worse reverses have been met without shaking the market. That these started the decline, therefore, is not important. It simply tells us what exposed the trouble.

Deeper down is the now obvious fact that the market was ready to fall. It awaited only the release date. What made the great bull market finally vulnerable?

MIGHT it not have been that Americans in their New Era talk of prosperity went beyond all reason? (The country in its enthusiasm over the future was discounting for the next five years a rate of improvement in earnings similar to that of the past five.) Might we not awaken one of these days to find that a grand pipe dream? Might we not discover that we were just a little mad in our calculations of what can be saved through corporate marriages on a wholesale plan?

That vast progress over the years to come awaits American industry, nobody doubts. That we have the makings of prosperity for so long as we can see ahead, is plain enough. But was it quite reasonable to wager that the momentum of the 1929 earnings growth could be maintained indefinitely?

In the final analysis it was a public psychology feeding on its own bullish enthusiasm that made men and women willing to pay any price for common stocks. But psychology is a fickle thing. It has a way of turning on itself — of bringing humans back to stern reality. When a man begins to suspect that he is dreaming, he suddenly wants to feel the touch of earth beneath his feet.

WE NEED not ignore the underlying drift to common stocks in recognizing that the country swung too far in that direction on "hunches." The signals had been set against the market for months. Call money had been up to 20 per cent. Time money was loaning at 9 per cent. Repeatedly the Federal Reserve had warned us that too large a proportion of funds was flowing into stock speculation. It had raised its rediscount rate. Loans had continued to mount. Stocks were commanding 20 and 30 and 50 and 100 times earnings. Joy riding in the stock market had become a national pastime.

But the stakes were so high that men, at first cautiously and then boldly, disregarded the signals. Each successful haul gave them new confidence. The market concluded that the old signals no longer worked. When they did function it was too late.

How long will it take stocks to recapture the peaks so recently lost? Will they ever get back? Will the turn come from these levels? Or will the market first go to new bottoms? These are puzzling questions on which we can but speculate. Stocks

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fell further in the panic of 1929 than in any previous bear market, and did it quickly. Does that mean they will come back faster?

The decline in the panic of 1903 ran nine months. In less than a year after stocks touched bottom they regained all that had been lost. They then kept on rising for another year. Stocks fell for eleven months at the time of the panic of 1907. It took them two years to get back all that had been lost. The war decline of 1916–1917 ran thirteen months. In a year and a half they recaptured the loss.

The collapse of the inflationary market of 1919–1920 induced a decline for thirteen months. Recovery then was irregular and slow. It was four years before all that had been lost was regained. But thereupon stocks advanced for another four years without any serious setback.

ONE thing is sure. If cheap money were the only factor, the market's performance could be charted now. Rarely in history has a bear market emerged from its panic stages more favored by a supply of cheap money than the present. Cheap money is not a prospect. It is a reality. Within a month after the break the Federal Reserve cut its rediscount rate twice. Bankers' acceptance rates were reduced ten times in a month. Brokers' loans have been reduced more than three billion dollars. As I write, time money has fallen from 9 per cent to 4½; call money has loaned on the outside at 3 per cent.

Cheap money will be a powerful help to the market. It will even stimulate prices, provided investors keep their faith in dividends. The break restored stocks to levels at which many were again attractive to the man who wants to put money into investment issues. That is a solid basis, indeed, so long as prospects give assurance of uninterrupted dividends.

BUT, in the final analysis, what will determine the extent and rapidity of the market's recovery is business. Will the Hoover programme check soon the unmistakable recession in industry that now prevails? If business is headed for a dragging recession in 1930 — and some people think it is — then investors will turn more money into bonds and preferred stocks. In their present reduced circumstances people will not bid for stocks on thin air. They are not so bold as before. They lack courage. But if convinced that 1930 profits will be maintained, their courage will come back, slowly, perhaps, but not so slowly as we now think.

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White Cities and Oasis Towns

By Frank Schoonmaker

Cities of that brilliant rim of sunshine spanning North Africa which fascinate with their crenelated walls, fretted gateways and lofty minarets

French North Africa, from Marrakesh the Red to Tunis the White, is bounded on the north by blue water and on the south by sand. Morocco, Algeria, Tunisia form together the sunlit rim of the Dark Continent — strangely barbaric little countries at the back door of Europe. Lying within twenty hours of Marseilles, within a night's voyage of Sicily and a morning's crossing of Gibraltar, they belong nevertheless to another very different world: they are the farthest outposts of the East, strongholds of all that is most beautiful and most mysterious in the civilization of Islam. They are countries of veiled women and slippered men, of brilliant markets drenched in the white African sunshine, of snake-charmers, story-tellers, and minarets from which the muezzin still calls the faithful to their prayer.

Casablanca, that flat, white, half-modern town on the Atlantic seaboard of North Africa, is the prosaic gateway to some four or five of the most enchanting cities of the world. Perhaps the strangest and the loveliest of these lies off to the south where the Moroccan plain, sweeping back from the sea, rises into the foothills of the Greater Atlas — Marrakesh the Red. This proud old capital of the Sultan's empire stretches away, with its green fringe of palms, behind a long, low, copper-colored wall; beyond, like artificial scenery painted upon the blue curtain of the sky, tower the great rugged summits of the Atlas, with their eternal canopy of snow.

As far as its atmosphere is concerned, Marrakesh is somehow reminiscent of the Bagdad of *The Arabian Nights*. The colorful people of a hundred southern tribes come to gossip and barter in its market-place; its lofty minaret, the *Koutoubia*, is the pride of Morocco; its gardens are as beautiful as the most beautiful of Spain.

The overland journey eastward from Casablanca is a too-short succession of clear glamorous days spent inside the walls of crumbling ancient towns, and a succession of incomparable starry nights. First, Rabat and Salè, facing one another across a shallow estuary like two white birds — Rabat and Salè, twin ports

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from which the corsairs sailed out to prey on the commerce of old Spain, and in which Cervantes and Robinson Crusoe were sold as slaves. Then Meknes, the Versailles of North Africa, the colossal folly of that mad old sultan, Moulay Ismael, who built here, on a promontory of the Moroccan upland, a palace which rivals in splendor the Alhambra. And so to Fez.

FEZ is one of those cities which, once seen, can never be forgotten. It is a city of mystery, of narrow streets and walled gardens, a city into which a river runs and disappears. From above, from one of those neighboring hills which, under the evening sun, take on the fine warm color of tarnished gold, Fez has the appearance of a green and white mosaic, neatly laid out across the lap of the valley. Surrounded by a high crenelated wall of mud-dried brick, it is a town of exquisite fretted gateways, of mosque towers, inlaid with green tiles that reflect the sun, of busy markets and little shops in which one can buy the brilliant tooled leather for which Fez is famous.

Each of the three divisions of North Africa has a distinctive character and a distinctive charm. The gorgeous crumbling cities of Morocco have no counterpart in the country to the east. Perfumed Algeria with its eternal flowers, its white roads bordered with eucalyptus trees, its miles of mountain scenery, is easily first in the matter of natural beauty. Tunisia, from Kairouan to the desert towns of the South, is, as far as its people and their daily life are concerned, the most picturesque of the three.

Throughout this whole North African empire the French, showing a tact and a respect for beautiful things which does them infinite credit, have overlaid the mellow civilization of the Moors and Arabs with the practical machinery of modern life. The unity of such perfect cities as Marrakesh, Rabat, Fez, they have been careful not to spoil. Yet even the remoter towns of Southern Tunisia and of the Moroccan plain are now accessible to the tourist. The railways of North Africa, as a whole, are excellent; and where the railways cannot penetrate, the ubiquitous busses of the French Line, the Compagnie Générale Transatlantique, carry the traveller with equal comfort. It is now possible to dine, under the shadow of the walls of Meknes, on food that one would scarcely expect to find outside of a Parisian restaurant; it is now possible to enjoy the last word in luxury on the very rim of the Sahara. What wonder that North Africa competes, successfully, with Egypt and the Riviera for the favor of those who in winter are dissatisfied with the pale Northern sun?

THE traveller coming overland from Casablanca crosses the Algerian border not far from Oujda, and passes, on his way to Oran and the Mediterranean, through two exceptionally interesting towns — Tlemcen, known to the Moors of five centuries ago as "The Pearl of the Mohgreb," famous today for the ruined city outside its walls, for its bracing mountain air, its flowers, and the singular beauty of its environs; Sidi-bel-Abbès, home of the Foreign Legion.

Oran, for all its commercial pros-

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perity (it is the chief port of the department that bears its name), is one of the least prepossessing of Algerian towns; Algiers, on to the east, is one of the most charming. An immense white amphitheatre of closely built houses rising around what is perhaps the finest bay of the North African coast, Algiers is no less attractive from a distance than from close at hand. Like Cairo, it is a city in which the East and the West, which never meet, walk side by side. Despite the sophistication of its modern quarters and the vast hotels that overlook the city from the height of Mustapha Superieur, Algiers never allows one to forget that it, too, belongs to the Dark Continent, that over its mosques the Cross has not yet replaced the crescent.

NO DESCRIPTION can do justice to the variety of the Algerian countryside, to those vistas, by turn so grandiose and so intimate, which one gets from the window of an automobile or a train. White little valleys overflowing with wild narcissus, magnificent savage gorges along which the road winds like some tenuous gray thread, strange clambering towns, great forests of cork and ilex, villages of flat-roofed cubical houses, lonely flocks of sheep presided over by picturesque shepherds dressed in the brown *burnous* of the Khabyles — these, following one another in bewildering succession.

Far over in the southeastern corner of Algeria, midway across those mountains which divide the desert from the sea, lie the ruins of the Roman city of Timgad — an African Pompeii, desolate and impressive. Beyond, where the Sahara reaches northward like a great yellow sea, is the oasis town of Biskra, once a starting point for those long caravans that trekked away toward Timbuktu and the Niger, now a sort of gracious Deauville on the burnished rim of the desert. Biskra, and its less sophisticated southern sister, Touggourt, are places in which few travellers will be disappointed. Under the dark shadow of their thousand palms, almond orchards bloom in winter; Eden itself could not be more fertile than are they. Caterpillar automobiles have replaced the caravans of fifty years ago: it is now possible for the tourist to take, comfortably and safely, either the twelve-hundred-mile journey across the Sahara, or shorter, trans-desert trips to the corresponding towns of South Tunisia.

TUNISIA, as far as its landscape is concerned, is a country of comparatively little beauty. Tunis, its capital, is as different from Algiers as Algiers is different from Fez. Seen from the low white hill of its Kasbah, or citadel, Tunis, with its vaulted streets, its over-arched markets, its almost windowless houses, looks like the alabaster handiwork of some enormous swarm of mason bees. And yet it is a city often charming, always picturesque. No town in North Africa offers so much to the lover of little shops and the lover of bargains. Carpets from Kairouan, embroidered leather, hammered brass and copper, may be purchased in Tunis for a song.

A little to the north, on a gently sloping hill that overlooks the bay, lie the pitiful ruins of proud Carthage, the home of Dido, the one-time

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rival of Rome. And to the south, rising abruptly from the level plain, is Kairouan, surnamed "The Holy," a place of pilgrimage for pious Mussulmans, a colorful little city, unspoiled and strange.

The traveller who decides to follow southward the curving coastline of Tunisia, through Sousse, Sfax and Gabes, to Djerba, that "Island of the Lotus-eaters" to which Ulysses came, will be amply rewarded for his pains. And yet, even more interesting than the cities of this costal region, are the oasis towns — Gafsa, Tozeur and Nefta — to the west. In these, as in Biskra, one feels perpetually the presence of the desert. Like some siren, treacherous and beautiful, it beckons always from beyond the last trickle of water, the last clump of palms. These towns, bathed by day in the blinding white sunlight of the Sahara, clothed by night in the mysterious tranquillity of its silence, have all that vivid charm, that romance, that glamour, which make North Africa as a whole one of the most inviting travel countries of the world.

Winter Sunset

By Margaret Tod Ritter

Immortal, walk beneath a gold-leaf sky
Blown thin as glass. One footfall shall suffice
To shatter it. One pebble thrown, one cry,
Shrill as a flageolet, poignant, precise,
Shall bring to ruin dome of asphodel.
This is the moon's bright rind stretched taut. One arrow
Of phantom nightingale shall prick the shell
Into a small transparence, curved and narrow.
The honey-pallor of the sky is laid
In shining amber shadow on the snow
Of aspen pool and cypress colonnade.
Now shall the alabaster afterglow
Be brought to dust of daffodil, be brought,
As smoke of dream, to nothingness, to nought.

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Our Own Oxonians

By Joseph Stanley Pennell

Contrasting ways in Oxford and American Universities are shown by a practical minded graduate

To an average American, Oxford has meant a place where Rhodes scholars are sent, where all the men smoke Dunhill pipes, wear Oxford "bags" and yearly watch the crew row against the Cambridge eight. But lately Oxford has been getting into the American magazines, the American newspapers, and even that gaudy, extravagant but meritorious American institution called Advertising. The American Rhodes scholars, the ordinary unattached Americans at Oxford, and the fact that Oxford is one of the oldest and most famous seats of learning in the world, are the causes for its increasing publicity throughout the United States. The Rhodes scholars are at once news; other Americans, studying at so distant a University are also news; and Oxford, the word, even in other places besides America, holds as much glamour, to one who has never been there, as the fact that the Prince of Wales danced with a humble barmaid. Therefore much is written about Oxford for American consumption which is largely wrong and merely "sound and fury, signifying nothing."

Of the Rhodes scholars, in particular, there has been a great amount of more than slightly inaccurate reporting interspersed with statistics, which were, generally speaking, more damned and lying than most statistics. And most of this journalizing has been done by people who know so little about Oxford that they might presumably ask one of the undergraduates the location of the University, or fail to pronounce the name of Magdalen College *Maudlin*, which is the snobbish and initiated pronounciation. Thus, a welter of inaccurate information about America's Rhodes scholars is dropped upon the American public by the ignorant. On the other hand, Rhodes scholars and other American Oxonians have written and published, in the States and abroad, accounts foggy, incomplete and misleading, which, all the while, *seemed* to be accurate.

Ordinary American Oxonians have written none too charitably of their colleagues the Rhodes scholars. They have intimated what might be set down in plain words to read: "The Rhodes scholars are, for the most part, a set of unbirched and

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bumptious asses from the American backwoods, who come up to Oxford, display their ears, socially, only to themselves, hate the English undergraduates, and go back to America exactly as they were before, except for the fact that, having once left Merry England, they think upon it tenderly, and immediately become confirmed Anglomaniacs in America." This, of course, is unfair and untrue, although it holds a grain of veracity. Among the better part of a hundred men there are always bound to be a few of bad choice, and this fact along with a certain amount of prejudice and jealousy, has incubated much unfavorable publicity for the Rhodes scholar from America. Such stuff as the American periodicals have used about him seldom goes into the English newspapers or magazines. But he does, forsooth, have his handicaps.

He comes up to Oxford for the first time with very little idea of "what it's all about," and after he has been installed in rooms in his college which have no central heating, no running water and various casual cobwebs, he talks it over with his fellow scholar, who has crossed the Atlantic with him. If they didn't feel a certain responsibility toward the committee back home which chose them, they would decide that they'd clear out at once. They surely never appreciated American plumbing! And the weather! And the English college boys! You can hardly understand their speech, and they never seem sociable. But these new American Oxonians remember in time that they are Rhodes scholars! Being such, they must collect their wits and make an attempt to create a good impression on whomsoever is unfortunate enough to be near; for, in the back of their minds, there is always that committee at home — there are always their parents and friends who expect great things of them.

Added to these considerations they have a certain personal pride which gives them the desire to appear to advantage. Haven't they done a difficult thing in winning this scholarship? Surely they have! Therefore, many of them set out to impress people in ways which are only more unnatural than they are ludicrous. For instance, they will talk, in deadly solemnity, with the English undergraduate about politics. On their young shoulders they will insist on bearing the weight of the United States and the United Kingdom. With great gravity they talk, while the Englishman grins and bears it, answering them with his natural facility and his tongue in his cheek. It is several terms before many of the Rhodes scholars get their tongues properly placed in their cheeks.

A non-Rhodes Oxonian wrote a much quoted article which appeared in *The London Daily Express*, in which he claimed that the American Rhodes scholars were, for the most part, handicapped by a lack of cosmopolitanism:

> They would be as much at sea in New York as in London. They stay in England three years, grow lonely, because the Englishman by nature does not make himself familiar with them in the first three days, and then relapse into the easier and less profitable habit of trooping about in term time, and on the Continent during vacations,

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with one another. The result is that 90 per cent of them go back to America exactly as they came, except, perhaps, with a little more knowledge. In the twenty years since the first Rhodes graduates returned home, only one, Christopher Morley, the novelist, has attained real distinction. The majority of these 600 men have sunk into obscure teaching jobs in colleges, and become absorbed in domesticity.

This Oxonian goes on to say that the non-Rhodes scholar, usually from Harvard or Yale, and having lived in Boston and New York, is generally equipped with more *savoir faire* than the Rhodes scholar, by which statement he probably means to insinuate that the majority of Rhodes scholars are from Gopher Prairie and show it. This isn't true, for it is safe to say that half the Rhodes scholars can claim a well-known Eastern college or university for their Alma Mater. Nor do the non-Rhodes men from our large Eastern institutions display *savoir faire* in any startling amount. But both varieties of Americans manage to get along at Oxford and form, in most cases, a reasonable amount of English friendships.

ALMOST any American who enters Oxford University, no matter what section of the United States he comes from, is bound to have some little difficulty in adjusting himself to the tutorial system of study, the sports, the comparative inconvenience of living, and the English temperament, but it is seldom that he doesn't adjust himself and come finally to enjoy all these things, including the temperament.

From his rooms, in one of the twenty-three colleges, he at first roundly curses the climate, the plumbing and heating. He looks with some contempt on the tea habit. The rather loose system of study perplexes him, and the college sports seem somewhat foolish in his eyes. But the end of the first term of two months generally finds him acclimated, hardened to the absence of running water and central heating, and perhaps almost enjoying his tea. He has also discovered that he can easily do something very definite in his study, whether there *seems* to be anything definite to do or not. The sports even have ceased to be the bore that they were.

PERHAPS it would be well to explain the rudiments of the Oxford system of study, for it is difficult for Americans to gain more than a muddled idea of it from the current misinformation about it in our own periodicals. To the American it seems, at first, as has been said, somewhat loose. He gains admission to the University by the acceptance of his American degree or the passing of an entrance examination. After that he gains admission to his college in various ways. Perhaps he has excellent letters of recommendation. Once a member of the college, he is herded by its master or head, in his gown and square, to the Divinity Schools, where when his name is called he signs the University rolls, has a little Latin read at him by the Vice-Chancellor and, Presto! he is "a member of this University." On this ceremony there follows no complicated enrollment in courses, for he has already declared that he intends to "read" English, Law, "Modern Greats" (Modern Classics) or whatever happens to be his choice. He is

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merely assigned to a tutor, who may or may not be one of the professors of his college (although one may "read" anything at any college, all the colleges are not provided with instructors in every subject). This tutor is to prepare him for his final examinations, which come at the end of his two or three years, and constitute the only recorded and really important examinations of his entire Oxford career. Of course, from time to time, his tutor will give him collections (quizzes) merely to ascertain how the student is progressing toward that comprehensive knowledge of his subject which will enable him to pass his final examinations or "schools," as they are called in Oxford patter. These collections, however, mean very little. There is no salting away of credit hours each semester as there is in American universities.

OUR Oxonian goes to his tutor for the first time with some misgivings. Clad in his short commoner's gown, and seated as near as possible to the small Oxford lecture room fireplace, he sees his tutor's breath on the cold air, as that gentleman, after formalities are over, pronounces in unfamiliar inflections something of this trend:

"Let's see, do you know just what you're up against? Have you had a look at the Examination Statutes? Here they are. Just have a look at them."

He has a rather furtive look at them, and his tutor continues:

"Most people prefer to leave out the Nineteenth Century in preference to the Seventeenth; but, of course, that's largely a matter of choice."

He leaves out the Nineteenth Century, and his tutor asks:

"Have you read any Chaucer?"

When he enumerates the few things he has read of that poet's works, his tutor suggests:

"Perhaps you may do me an essay on 'The Humor of Chaucer.' And," handing him a checked list, "you might look in on these lectures. They might be of use. I shall meet you Wednesdays at eleven in Hertford. Good morning!"

WATCHING his tutor's breath on the damp air, our American Oxonian closes the door and walks away from his first tutorial somewhat reflectively. He looks at his lecture list and finds four or five marked lectures. And he knows that a lot of the older undergraduates hold the opinion that going to lectures is useless; but, of course, that's largely a matter of choice like the Nineteenth Century — you aren't required to go. There really isn't much definite work to do, except to write the essay.

When next week he rather embarrassedly reads his first ardent effort to his tutor, that educator thanks him, and is usually charitable enough not to tear it in too many pieces.

"Have you been to your lectures?" asks the tutor.

Yes, he has been to them.

"Well, what did you make of them? Are they of any use? Did you enjoy them?"

Well, he did enjoy some of them, but others were dull and incomprehensible. During the week he has heard fearful tales about his final examinations. Many men have "ploughed" after three years work,

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(He has already learned the Oxford version of "flunk.") His tutor's laugh on the frosty air only half reassures him.

"Hm," concludes the tutor, "something more about Chaucer next week. Suppose you do an essay on his characterization. Good morning, and don't believe all the libels you hear about the English climate!"

And our young Oxford man steps out into the Oxford mist, still rather groping for something definite to get learned — the way he used to do at his American university. It is only after his first term that he awakens to the realization that the Oxford mist has lifted, and he *has* learned something. Has he not seen his tutor's breath on air that is not now so frosty and damp as it might be, and heard him say:

"Your collection was rather good, Mr. So-and-so!"

And he has even begun to *feel* more learned. So does the American, generally speaking, adjust himself to the Oxford way of gaining an education.

Meanwhile he has rather forgotten the plumbing and begun to enjoy the merry blaze of an English fireplace, even when the out-of-doors is like a frozen sock. He has played "rugger" (English football) in bad weather, or rowed on the Isis River while the rain beat in his eyes and exhaustion beat him down. Curiously enough, he has gained a sort of content from all this. Perhaps he has won his college rowing colors or gained a permanent position on its tennis six. Perhaps even the 'Varsity lacrosse captain has his eye on him and he may "make" a "Blue," which is the English equivalent to an American university letter. Now that he understands the English better, he has his friends among them.

All these things happen to most Americans who come up to Oxford; and when they go down for the last time and back to America they are, for the most part, the better for it, despite the frequent complaints that Rhodes graduates have attained no distinction in the States. Indeed, the Rt. Honorable H. A. L. Fisher, Warden of New College, Oxford, has been grossly misquoted as saying that while Rhodes scholars were admirable in character and took admirably high standings in their examinations, they were failures because they did not become prominent in America on their return. Mr. Fisher has denied this emphatically, in an open letter to *The London Times*. These accusations of failure to attain national distinction in America are more or less well grounded, but what of that? A great many of the Rhodes graduates have gained much respect and have become important men in communities, States and universities of the United States. And the fact remains that the Rhodes Scholarship Foundation is not so overwhelmingly old but that there is still some hope that one of the scholars may even have tea in the White House one fine day.

And now we approach that delicate question which has been the birth and life of so many women's clubs in America — which has driven our population ever to divide, curse, argue, resort to violence and finally to Mr. Volstead's Act. For some time American Oxonians have been

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coming up to "wet" Oxford from a supposedly "dry" country — from a country whose university authorities are instructed to frown upon the slightest indulgence in alcohol. Whether or not these Oxonians have indulged in illicit alcohol at their American universities is a matter which is to be decided by circumstance, their temperaments and conjecture, but, it is safe to say, that there are hardly any who arrive in Oxford teetotallers, or, at least, if they do arrive so it is seldom that they remain so. For while they are in England they discover that the social life of the country requires a moderate indulgence in liquor as well as tea, a condition that allows them to make one adjustment which is, in most cases, not overly difficult.

It is not to be supposed, however, that they immediately throw off all restraint and begin to drink to excess, any more than it is to be supposed that they disdain to drink. They do what any normal man would do "when in Rome." Of course there are Occasions! The college may "go to the head of the river" and win the Eight's Week rowing laurels; the college may take the Rugby football tournament; any number of things may happen which will cause an Oxford man to drink long and deeply. But these occasions don't come so often that they impair the health and morale of the undergraduate. Moreover, there are no rules against drinking, so one seldom gets very drunk in defiance or smartness.

But Oxford does have a set of traditional rules, which are habitually enforced by the officials of the University and its colleges. The Americans at first find these rules a little irksome, and then they accept them as calmly and philosophically as the English undergraduate, who is able to arrive at an observance of the Proctorial Rules which interferes neither too much with his personal comfort, nor with the intactness of the rules. These Proctorial Rules have arisen out of conditions which have been springing up at the University from its youth to its present antiquity. There were "town and gown" riots; there were various youthful escapades; and there are still youthful escapades, which, while not so various, occasionally cause another rule or two. Here is an ancient rule:

> Academic dress is worn.
> (a) in the presence of the Vice-Chancellor, the Proctors, the Registrar or other officers of the University;
> (b) at University ceremonies;
> (c) in the Bodleian library, in the Examination Schools and at University Lectures;
> (d) out of college after 9 p.m.

This one is more modern:

> Undergraduates are forbidden (under severe penalties) to attend public subscription dances either in clubs or in hotels or dances not licensed by the Proctors and held in Public Rooms. This does not apply to the Balls and Dances in Commemoration week given by Colleges or University clubs, nor to other dances given by colleges.

There are other rules, such as the forbidding of undergraduates to go up in airplanes without Proctorial permission, or to own automobiles, all of which are enforced by those unique University police the Proctors and the Bulldogs, known always to the undergraduates as the "Progs"

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and the "Bullers." There are two Proctors, a Junior and a Senior; both are appointed from the University "Dons." There are eight hired "Bulldogs" whose duty it is to assist the Proctors.

When a man is "Progged," as the slang goes, the "Buller" catches him at the offense, whatever it may be, and asks him very politely to come and see the Proctor. The Proctor, who is generally lurking near, for they must go out *every* night, after tipping his mortar board to the offending undergraduate, asks:

"Are you a member of this University?"

The "Progged" answers in the affirmative.

"Your name and college, please!" demands the Proctor.

And the unfortunate gives them.

THE next day he receives a formal summons to go before the Proctors, where he is fined, "gated" (made to stay in college after 9 p.m. for a period of time) or "sent down" (expelled) according to the seriousness of his offense. These rules, however, strict as they seem, need not bother the wise and discreet Oxford man, after he comes to know the degree of their flexibility, and the Americans soon become acquainted with that.

Nor need the college custom of "knocking in" at its gates, which are always closed about 9.15 p.m., annoy him. He knows that he must pay an increasing gate bill to get into college up to twelve o'clock. And at twelve he knows he must be in or face being sent down, if he hasn't a valid excuse or the Dean's permission to stay out. Sometimes the Americans consider this an interference with their liberty, but almost always they become used to it in time. There isn't anything to do in Oxford outside of college after midnight, anyway, although there are ways of bending the gate rule.

GRANTING that there are exceptions, it is eminently safe to say that the average American Oxonian is a normal fellow who always grows to love Oxford, if his love does grow slowly. He never becomes an Anglomaniac, but he always gets along with the English, whether he comes from Gopher Prairie, New Haven, or Dubuque — and he forms English friendships. By the end of his first year he has become nicely adjusted to English customs. All this holds true in the cases of both Rhodes scholars and ordinary Americans. And when the Rhodes scholar has tucked his tongue firmly in his cheek and begun to forget that committee back home, he becomes the likable and interesting young man that he is. So our American Oxonians, we find, meet and surmount their difficulties, despite the libel which has been printed against them.

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Stuff and Nonsense

By Donald Rose

A Monthly Magazine of No Importance, Dealing Lightly with Matters Pertinent and Profound, and Weightily with Those of No Consequence Whatever

FEBRUARY, 1930 VOL. 6, NUMBER 2

OVER-EMPHASIS

The Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching is presumably interested in the advancement of teaching. This is an admirable concern, but it breaks out in curious fashion and in queer places. During the current winter it was manifested chiefly in a general state of alarm over the corrupt condition of collegiate football.

It took the Carnegie Foundation three years to make up its mind about football, so perhaps we have no right to express a less matured opinion. But with the spirit of investigation practically epidemic in America we could not well avoid it, and it has led us into strange byways and detours of our own. Asking the pardon of the Carnegie Foundation, we present our conclusions on over-emphasis in athletics. If the Foundation doesn't care for them, the members of that august body may as well face the fact that we didn't care much for theirs either.

Our first discoveries originated in a personal interview with "Reds" Google, star halfback of a good many institutions of learning during a brief but brilliant academic career.

"Over-emphasis?" said Mr. Google. "What's that? You mean professionalism and all that? Yeah?"

We insisted that we had not intended to imply anything unpleasant. But was it true that he had worked his way through college by means of a pair of number fourteen feet? What compensation, if any, had he received for his services to dear old Hacksaw University on the football field? Had he, in a word, been prostituting his art and selling his amateur standing for a mess of gate receipts?

Mr. Google didn't think so, but we had him worried. "I got a scholarship, all right," he admitted, "and a nice job waiting on tables which brought me in as much as thirty dollars a week. Easy money, too, with nothing to do but serve three meals a day to fifty or so cake-eaters, and take turns on the dishes. After I chucked that job I got another selling insurance, which is all right if you ain't too particular. And during my senior year I had the laundry concession on the campus. Yeah, I guess I was a professional all right. And then there's my sweater — I got that for nothing from the alumni or somebody. And somebody sent me a box of cigars after the Army game. I don't know who it was, but I suppose they were trying to buy me."

"You see how serious this is," we pointed out. "It means that you have been receiving remuneration, in cash and kind, without returning any adequate service for the same except for a few hours spent on the football field. And you played not for the love of the game nor the glory of old Hacksaw, but for pay. The Carnegie Foundation will get you, if you don't watch out."

"I see it all now," he said gloomily. "That

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sweater — them cigars — and maybe the gold-plated cigarette lighter which the boys back home sent me. And there's been a feller around trying to get me to go into the bond business. I bet he didn't mean me any good, either."

We were sure he didn't. And we began to be very sorry for Mr. Google. We could see he was conscience-stricken, particularly for taking so much and giving so little.

"I ought to square myself," he said. "All them things, all that money! And me doing nothing for it all except practise every afternoon from lunch to sundown for a couple of months and play in seven games until I broke my leg. I wish I'd known it before. I wouldn't have let those mid-western teams walk up and down my face if I'd realized I was doing it for the money. I wouldn't have lost those three teeth, either, or split my favorite floating rib. It just shows what ignorance will do to a man."

So we left him to think of his sins, and went after more evidence. And found it, too.

We don't know whether the Carnegie Foundation is aware of it, but we have positive proof that a large proportion of the cricket, croquet and cribbage teams in our great American universities are boys whose entire education is being paid for by outsiders. These outsiders are in many cases not even alumni; they know nothing, or nearly nothing, of educational ideas and academic standards; they just pay the bills so that these young athletes can get into college and play on the teams which advertise their respective institutions. Nor are the boys held to a strict accounting of what is spent on them and in many cases their educational work is of very inferior quality. It isn't just a matter of tuition bills and bare necessities, such as might be provided by a scholarship fund. Some of these horrible examples of over-emphasis are provided with cars, radios, saxophones, coonskin coats and pocket money to support them all. They live high, wide and handsome, take a small share in sport, and graduate or fail to do so with no distinction whatever. And there are thousands of them.

If the Carnegie Foundation has any indignation left, we commend to its most careful attention all these misguided youngsters, these sad examples of the exploitation of youth, these shocking cases of over-emphasis, — in a word, these boys and young men whose fathers are working their way through college.

The final phase of over-emphasis discovered by our survey was revealed in the Navy-Dartmouth game which closed the Eastern season. You may recall that it was cold on that occasion. Radios everywhere froze up in trying to transmit the chilled emotions of the official announcers, and eighteen members of the press were carried away from the game before half time. The Navy goat froze so stiff that most of the whiskers on one side of him were broken off short when his team scored the first touchdown, and the referees and umpires in their airy plus-fours were a pitiful sight to see. By actual count there were forty thousand red noses in Pennsylvania's stadium that afternoon, and ours the reddest of them all.

It was a fine game, but also a shocking exhibition of over-emphasis. The turf of battle was of the approximate consistency of reinforced concrete, and on this unfriendly surface the players over-emphasized each other all afternoon. The play was punctuated by the cracking of skulls and the snapping of bones; the customary and comfortable thud of hard-boiled humanity into the bosom of mother Earth was replaced by sounds as of sledge-hammers on a pile of rocks. We wish the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching had been there to see, but we bet they weren't. They were probably sitting by a fire somewhere, over-emphasizing their next report on the decline of collegiate manners, morals and manhood and deploring the loss of the old virtues of disciplinary education.

O tempora! O mores! O fiddlesticks!

The Genteel Art of Nursing

Nurses are something which is liable to happen in the best regulated families, not to mention the others, and among the many and curious accidents of life their visitations are as likely as any to find man defenseless and unprepared. Not until he has survived several of them does he realize how fearfully and wonderfully they are made, and even then there is little that he can do about it. In tribute to their varied charm and indispensable ministrations, and as a word of warning to those who have yet to live and

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bear with them, we present the products of prolonged personal observation, in a spirit scientific and in no sense critical. We approach the subject, indeed, with respect and apprehension. This also is the only correct way to approach a nurse if you value your health, and if you don't — well, if you don't, what business have you with a nurse anyway?

In general a nurse may be defined as a critically unstable compound of science and nature, put together with tape and safety pins and cemented everywhere with starch. She is trained like a doctor, registered like a racehorse or a Holstein cow, cool, clean and crisp as a full dress shirt, and salaried like a bank president. So if you can't be healthy, for goodness' sake be careful.

A nurse comes into the household in a variety of guises. She may be the handmaiden of proud motherhood or a ministering angel in the shadow of calamity. She may be a pinch hitter for the presiding genius of the home or an efficiency expert to restore its scattered peace and poise. She represents authority in emergency and first aid in all doubt and distress. She is the doctor's silent shadow in his presence and his substitute in his absence. Whatever she is, the domestic universe begins to revolve around her as soon as she takes off her hat.

Husbands shrink and shrivel to nothing in her presence and wives obey her whims and wishes who have never known obedience before. The gas stove does her homage and the furnace roars louder at her will. The family diet follows her least desire and friends and neighbors come and go at her bidding. The wash swells importantly at her presence and the cat learns to run more quickly and in new directions. The odor of antiseptics follows her around and every germ takes cover at her coming and thinks on its sins.

All this is in part the custom of civilized behavior in the presence of the ministry of healing, and in part the consequence of the extraordinary procedure whereby a nurse is manufactured. This also we have analyzed, presenting herewith our observations on the proper way to become a nurse, supposing that you can think of nothing better to do.

Presuming that you are of the right gender and denominator and have the requisite taste for iodine and operations, you may become a nurse with only trifling expense and exertion. First you should acquire a fair average education, together with blonde hair and a good natural color. No one is quite sure, of course, what an average education looks like, but it includes reading, writing, and the ability to count up to forty-two dollars a week. Add to this a little literature and history, which should be well shaken before taken; also algebra, amateur theatricals, æsthetics, hysterics, plain and fancy weight-lifting, and light housekeeping and cooking. You may now apply for admission to a school of nurses, presenting evidence of birth, age and fighting weight, a recommendation from your minister or Congressman, and signed certificate of vaccination in all available localities, whether rural or urban. If the school happens to be short of hired help, you are almost sure to be enrolled.

Your first year in nursing school will be devoted principally to scrubbing hospital floors and newly-arrived accident cases. You will also learn the rudiments of physiology — which can be very rude and rudimentary on occasion — and how to make a five-foot sheet cover a six-foot bed. As collateral studies you will learn how to identify bichloride of mercury and other *materia medica*, and how to fry a strictly fresh egg.

In your second year you will learn how to fry two eggs, whether fresh or not. From scrubbing floors you will be promoted to scrubbing the woodwork, and will be allowed to hand sponges and minor surgical impedimenta to the doctors, who will treat you — at least during business hours — with all the courtesy and personal consideration due to the rest of the hospital furniture. By observation and experience you will gradually acquire a great deal of inside information about the human race, which will leave you just as sweet and unspoiled as ever. In fact, if you spoil at all easily you had better give up nursing before you go into it at all.

In the third year you will be taught how to shake down a clinical thermometer without dislocating your wrist or putting your patient's eye out. Further you will discover how to shake down a pillow and mattress without losing your patient or your temper. Lastly you will learn how to shake down the patient or his surviving relatives, and your preliminary education will be practically complete.

If you have been industrious and ambitious your future is now assured, barring accidents from overdoses, mixed labels, or matrimony.

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Your principal function from now on and forever will be to keep charts. Night and day, winter and summer, weekday and Sunday, alive or dead, the patient's chart must go on. A nurse is known by the chart she keeps, and unless the doctor has a chart to pucker his brows upon and make clucking noises about, he is sunk without trace and drags all his nurses down to ruin with him. Remember also the sacred privileges of your chosen profession. Yours are the first aid and the last rites. Your tender womanly hands bring cool comfort, warm sympathy and hot chicken broth to your patient. And remember also and at all times the inscrutable dignity of your profession, so that to your patient at least you always appear as a compendium of antiseptic authority bound in fresh starch. Treat him kindly, but keep your distance. Though how you are going to do so and also wash his face and teeth for him is a matter entirely beyond our present comprehension.

Where's Your Hat?

Among the unimportant phenomena of a curious world is the fact that we wear no hat. This is no mere collegiate gesture, for by no stretch of imagination or vocabulary could we be called collegiate nor do we show any of the more decisive symptoms of the collegiate complex. We wear no hat for reasons which seem to us sufficient and convincing. In the first place there is the crowning glory of our hair, which is of the thickness and texture of a thatch roof. Secondly we can never find our hat in emergency, and thirdly we have no hat. And finally, we don't care to wear a hat.

How simple this all sounds, when reduced to categorical statement! But is it, in fact, so simple as it seems? It is not. It appeared so, when last spring we suddenly resolved to be bothered no more with hats. It seemed a trivial thing to toss into an ashcan the faded and shapeless remnant of felt which remained of our winter headgear, and to omit to buy another. And on the whole we went through summer rather well, with some share of company in our hatless state and none to say us nay. Aside from occasional embarrassment in department stores, where young ladies would mistake us for clerk or floor-walker and ask to be directed to the most surprising places, we were scarcely molested. We just went hatless and were happy.

But winter came and spring was far behind, and about our hatless brow the storms began to beat and blow. And these were no matter of mere mundane weather. The weather doesn't care about our hat. There are few sorts of weather which can make us miss our hat, and even these we can easily avoid. Many years ago we learned to come in out of the rain, and the benevolence of modern civilization has provided trains and trolleys and subways and taxicabs and automobiles and umbrellas by which to do so. We need a hat no more in winter than in summer. But nobody will believe it.

Kind friends and perfect strangers insist that we should wear a hat. We ask them why, patiently and with a real desire to know. They answer that everybody wears a hat. Now in the first place this is palpably untrue, for we wear no hat as we stand there arguing about it; and secondly there seems to be no logic in the argument. The fact that so many people whom we thoroughly dislike wear a hat might be considered an excellent reason why we should do otherwise. Nor can it be proved to us that we should be beautified by a hat, and not even our best friends really think so. They want us to wear a hat because they are wearing a hat, and for no other reason under the arch of heaven.

But the importunities of these hat-ridden slaves to custom have led us to think far more seriously of hats than we ever intended or expected to. We have considered and contemplated them all — all the masculine monstrosities with which one half of humanity comes to a bad end. We refer, of course, only to civilized attire, appropriate to city or suburban wear. We make all needful exceptions in favor of fur caps for lumbermen, football helmets, tin hats for soldiers under fire, aviators' caps, pith helmets for the tropics, straws a yard wide for the farmer in the fields and caps for the icemen to keep their pencils in. We make allowance for the bald and for those who have been scalped by Indians. We leave leeway for uniforms, for fancy dress costumes, and for paper hats at Halloween parties. And what is there left?

There is the ordinary felt hat. It is very cunningly made, with a wickedly rolling brim and a twin hump in the middle of it so that it distantly resembles a dromedary. It fits where it touches and nowhere else, and its shape has no logical, rational, func-

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tional or evolutionary relationship to the head whatever. One might as well wear a teapot or something in its image, and with only slight variations in the way in which one thing leads to another one would be doing that very thing.

An argument in favor of the felt hat is that if inverted it makes an excellent receptacle in which to carry beer. But for this purpose it is inferior to the bowler or derby hat, which is otherwise an even more preposterous performance. Though famed in song and story and a Presidential election, the derby is as reasonable a way in which to top off a well-dressed man as it would be to tie him in pink ribbon. The derby is undoubtedly as beautiful as a coal scuttle and equally appropriate for a headdress. It becomes sensible and in a manner useful only when one has an opportunity to kick it down the street.

So now we arrive at the old straw hat. Here, if anywhere in headwear, there may be historical justifications for a sorry jest. The straw hat of today may be a significant moment in a panorama of rolling centuries, from the time when the untutored savage adorned his person and combed his whiskers with brambles and spear grass to the modern day when civilized man goes lidded with the manufactured quintessence of a bale of straw. It may be that moments of wonder adorn its history. There was, for all we know, that inspired occasion when the colored hatband first leaped aboard the woven skimmer, when some feudal knight wrapped around it the rainbow of his lady's garter. There was the critical era when it could go no higher without being pyramided in the fashion of New York architecture, when some unknown benefactor guided it safely and sanely back to a pancake contour. There was the genius who lined it; the other who ventilated it; the third who gave it its leather inner sole.

But when all is said and done and granted, the straw hat is an affliction. Comfort cannot be woven into a halo of hard straw, and he who says that his old straw hat is comfortable is no more than a loyal liar. It is, perhaps, as comfortable as the Iron Maiden of the Middle Ages, who may have had her circle of admirers and enthusiasts, but such pleasure as may be drawn from it is an ascetic sort of joy. To wear it is, in fact, a mortification of the cranial flesh, and it leaves its mark on a man. If it fits him well and closely, as forsooth it never does, it clamps his brow and occiput and frontal and temporal bones in a gentle hand of iron; if it fits him loosely it oscillates across and around his cranial protuberances and raises corns and bunions. There may come an illusion of peace and fitness in the twilight of the straw hat season. But this does not mean that the hat now fits the head; it means only that the softer vessel has weakened, and the head now fits the hat.

These are our hats. There are others, as the stovepipe or high silk hat, worn at funerals, weddings or political parades and appropriate to none of them. There are caps, which may start out well but finish by making their wearer look like second cousin to a gunman. There may be still others, for all we know or care.

In our time we have worn all of them and cannot recall that they ever did us any good. Just now we wear none of them and have the world around us worried to death. We know very well that if we should rob a bank or open a bucket shop or become an interior decorator or go into the Methodist ministry it would cause very little stir and everybody would soon be used to it. But the world will not forgive our hatless condition. It will not even forget it, though we now recall it only when we pass unscathed by the check room at hotel or restaurant or theatre, while our friends and fellows are paying unwilling tribute to recover their clothing from a bobbed-hair bandit.

We converse and argue as usual with our friends and acquaintances. We greet them on the streets and walk and talk with them. But wherever we are going, whether in the flesh or in the pleasant pastures of the spirit, we come at last to the eternal and inevitable question mark. Our companions bear with us as long as they can, their curiosity checked by courtesy or kindliness or unwillingness to hurt us more than necessary. But it comes at last — the crisis of all conversation and the climax of all debate, the fool question par excellence, the protest of conformity against the rebel, the outcry of willing slavery to the mode, the pointless, profitless question, — "But where's your hat?"

The Long and Short of It

"My dear, I'm quite sure no generation of women was ever called upon to face problems

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like we are. In a way, I suppose, it's the price we pay for our emancipation and equality with men and the Nineteenth Amendment and everything, but it does seem hard that when something really difficult comes up it has to be settled by the women. And the men can't help us, either. I've had it out with my Jimmie, and he's worse than useless. He's terrible.

"It isn't that I care one way or another about mere style. I've always said that a woman has a right to be independent, and in a way it's her duty to be independent for you know how dependent the men are, and if it wasn't for women standing up for what they know to be right the world would be in a bad way. But if the right people aren't going to wear them short any more, then you can see that anybody who does wear them short is going to be — well, sort of classified, and you know how a woman hates to be classified. I'd simply hate to be classified, and I won't be that way if I have to wear them down to my ankles. But on the other hand nobody wants to be extreme or conspicuous or anything, though I'm sure I don't know which is worse — to be conspicuous because you are wearing them short when some people are wearing them long, or to be conspicuous because you wear them long when there are still so many nice people wearing them short.

"It isn't that I don't think a long dress is becoming. It's awfully becoming to me, or I should think it would be, but then I do have nice knees and Jimmie doesn't mind much if I do. And it took me so long to get used to wearing knees again, what with my mother's people being Quakers and everything, and now just when I've sort of overcome my inhibitions I've got to start all over again and get some more. It's so confusing I could cry. And then it was really so nice to be able to kick out — not that I ever did kick out, my dear, but you know what I mean — and now these old skirts are going to be flapping around and we'll all be skirt-conscious again in no time.

"But aren't the men ridiculous! Jimmie tries to tell me that the women are just wearing them long again because somebody in Paris says so, as if any Frenchman could tell a free American woman what she should wear or shouldn't wear. It's a positively indecent idea. Jimmie doesn't understand that skirts and waist lines and figures and everything go up and down and in and out just like the stock market, and I've told him again and again that when he can tell me why his old stock market behaves the way it does I'll tell him why I can't wear a dress more than one winter. It's just like gravitation; you can talk about it, but you can't explain it.

"And then there's another thing. Some of the women — nice women, too — aren't loyal to the rest of us. I'm afraid the men are right when they say there's no solidarity among the women, no sex loyalty. Why, some of the smartest and cleverest people are saying they won't wear them long, no matter what the style is or anything. Just see how that mixes things up. If you could only be sure that people would think that you were just being clever and independent and interesting and everything when you went right on wearing them short — why, then, maybe I'd wear them short. But the trouble is that people are so uncharitable and suspicious. Most of the women I know would just think I didn't know any better or couldn't afford a new dress, even if I wore a price tag and a sales slip right on the hem so they could see I just bought it.

"So there you are. I have forty-six dresses now and they fit me beautifully and I look nice in them and Jimmie has been so generous I hate to bother him. But if I don't get a long one pretty soon everybody will think he lost all his money in the market this winter, and that I don't care whether I ever get a new dress this side of the grave. And between you and me, my dear, I think these fashion people have got us licked. The only way you can show you've got a new dress nowadays is to wear a tail on it. And if I can't show those cats in the Thursday club that I get a new dress when I want it, there's no sense in belonging to the Thursday club at all.

"But it certainly is hard. Women always did get the worst of it, and I suppose they always will. It may be the man who pays, but it's the woman who has to make up his mind what he's to pay for."

The S. & N. Alphabetical Education

No. 20. Entomology

Entomology, so far as we can find out, is the science devoted to the Hexapoda class of

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the great phylum Arthropoda. This definition, as you will readily see, excludes centipedes and spiders from consideration, which is a great pity. We shall therefore assume the responsibility of stretching our subject to include these domestic pets, as well as bees, ants, seventeen-year locusts, Japanese beetles, fleas, ticks and possibly clams and oysters.

The study of entomology has been going on for two thousand years, and the insects themselves for even longer. Its fundamental purpose is to discover a method of keeping the green aphis off apple trees and ants out of picnic lunches, after which some attention will be given to cockroaches in bakeshop basements. Little progress has been made, though it was reported that the flies were not quite as bad as usual during the summer of 1929.

The purely scientific aspects of entomology are a matter of distinctions, social and otherwise, among the members of the insect world. A little earnest study will enable even an amateur to distinguish between a mosquito and a tarantula and to develop a certain sensibility to the differences between hornets and — for instance — butterflies. There are occasions on which these distinctions are of the utmost importance.

In a constructive sense, entomology is designed to make insects fascinating friends, if not inseparable companions of their older brethren in the evolutionary scheme. Even a little entomology will, for example, take most of the terror from the sight of a centipede in the kitchen sink, and convert a daddy-longlegs down your neck into an amusing experience. It works not quite so well with roaches and red ants, which are a little difficult to assimilate into the well-ordered household, though they may frequently be found there.

But for a wonderful experience in applied entomology, you should keep a bee. A bee is such a useful lesson in industry for the children, provided you can persuade them to overlook the fact that the products of the domestic bee's industry are invariably taken away from him without adequate compensation. If you love children, and nature, and buckwheat cakes with honey, you should by all means keep a bee.

The first thing is to get a bee. If you live in the country you can go into the great outdoors in the fall of the year and sit awhile under a pear tree. There will be pears lying around you with their sides stove in, and if you sit there quietly you will soon have a bee. Maybe you will have a wasp too, and perhaps a hornet, but don't allow these to divert you from your purpose. Stay where you are until you get a bee.

Now that you have a bee you will need a beehive. A beehive is an apartment house for the bee and his family. The bee is distinctly a family man, though there are some stories about the drones which we really cannot tell you until you are a little older, and he needs space, quiet and comfort in order to raise his brood. That is what the beehive is for.

To construct a beehive, take the family phonograph to the shop and remove the works. Bore holes through the doors, some large and some small for different sized bees, and attach a light board inside for a landing stage, where the bees may wipe their feet before entering their living room. The hollow interior should be divided into compartments so that each bee may enjoy a measure of privacy in laying its honey.

Set the beehive in a quiet spot in the garden, insert the bee, and walk softly away. Later you may return, and remove the honey by lifting the lid, closing it again at once so that the bee will lay more honey. Serve the honey for the family's breakfast, and you will find that everybody will be very pleased indeed.

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